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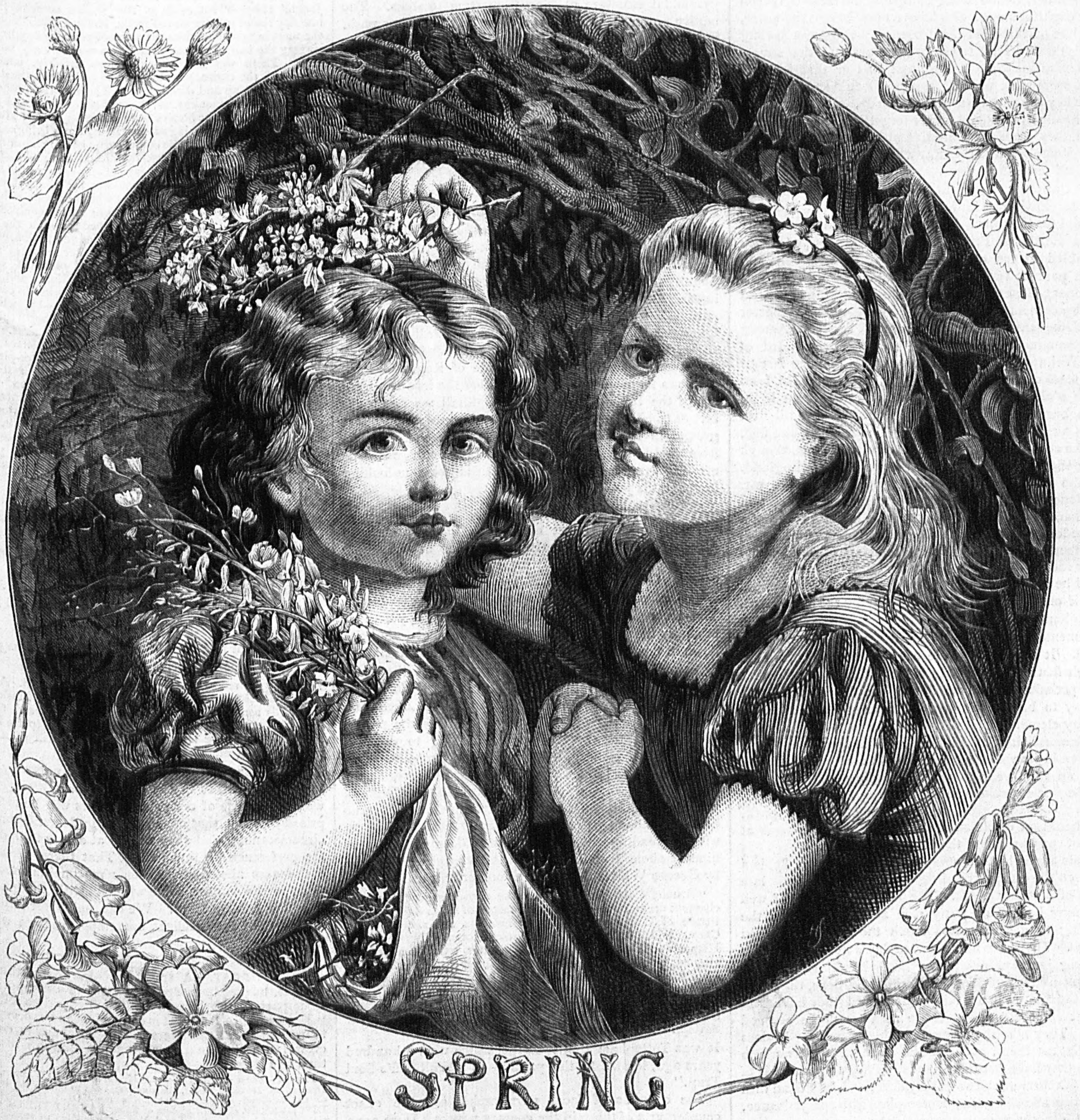


SPRING

AT BRIGHTON.

THE invaders in the picture on our eighty-fourth page made an easy conquest. To them the city of the south gave herself up without a struggle, and there is she seen entertaining her conquerors. Those corps of London and southern counties landwehr have found pleasant quarters. They are assembled in the Brighton Pavilion Gardens, and there are ladies in dainty hats among them. Are these the native fair ones, or are they camp followers or vivandieres? This soldiering seems a pleasant life, but is it not tinged with a something more serious since the great review last Easter Monday? Was there a man of the 24,000 who went down to this great field-day whose thoughts did not run upon the war that began and finished between the British volunteer assemblies of 1870 and 1871? There has never been much likelihood of England getting entangled in that war, but yet never since the beginning of the volunteer movement in 1859 has anything happened to put the spirit of volunteering to the test like this struggle between France and Germany. We never believed, twelve years ago, that France would attack us, albeit the blustering of the colonels; but when we tried to picture them doing it, and struck postures and imagined ourselves assembled on our shores to defend our country, war in its reality, as it shapes itself among Europeans of our own day, never was brought home to our minds as in the experience of these nine months. But it has not frightened our volunteers, neither has it rendered them vaunting, or vain-glorious, or anxious for war. If there has been no white feather, and no falling away from the ranks by reason of the frightful stories which have come across the water, there has on the other hand been no belligerent feeling among them. They have not gone out into the streets and demanded to be led against this or that foe who might seem to be wanting in punctilious respect towards us. They are simply a set of steady, sober, staunch, hard-headed volunteers, never forgetting the purpose for which they were organised, and never shrinking from the contemplation of the duty which they might possibly be called upon to perform.

But the troops are called to the sham field of fight, and the Pavilion Gardens and pretty girls must be deserted for the time. We need not make a long story of the Battle of Brighton Downs. The 24,000 men assembled at ten o'clock on Monday, and began to march past at twelve. The Commander-in-Chief was Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant, and Major-General Staveley commanded the attacking force. The Inspector was Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir J. Lindsay. Among the commanders of divisions was Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, with whom was H.R.H. Prince Arthur as a staff officer. The marching past occupied from twelve o'clock till half-past one, and the sham fight, which began at a quarter past two, continued till five. It was a right brilliant success. The weather was fine, and the sight-seers were never more numerous, though this is the twelfth annual review in the south of England. For the civic army assembled at Brighton the war has done one thing. It has placed breechloaders in their hands. We may hope that this is but a token of a new order of government and encouragement for English volunteering. For England, an efficient citizen force of two hundred or two hundred and fifty thousand men would be a splendid army of defence; and that we might have if our Government did its duty by the movement. Our volunteers should have every advantage that arms, equipments, and facilities for drill and discipline can afford. It should be made easy for them to camp out in their districts, to meet in large bodies, and to spend brief periods in garrison duty. We do not want this country to be Prussianised. An exaggeration of the military element in society is offensive to Englishmen, and demoralising in its influence. But the nation firmly believes in its volunteer force, and that force ought not to go on from year to year struggling with adversity, draining the pockets of its officers, making unfair demands upon the men, and living the life, so to speak, of a bankrupt organisation. These are the lessons at once of the war and of the Brighton Review.

Home again! Our second picture, on page 85, is a scene on the return from Brighton to London in the late hours of Monday night. The men are tired; and well they may be. This party rose at four o'clock in the morning to assemble and catch the train at London Bridge. They have had a severe day's work. After the morning journey, the rather hasty breakfast, and the little pleasant episode of the Pavilion Gardens, they were more than seven hours on the field, and they have had no rest since, till now. These men are made of good stuff. They take their fatigue philosophically. It does not disgust them, even for the hour, with the work to which they have put their hands. They compare this of 1871 with former reviews as they doze, and, half dead with weariness and sleep, they contemplate with complaisance, if not exactly with eagerness, the coming round of Easter Monday once again next year and the assembly of their company on the Downs or some other good southern spot. May never a one of this sleeping party, and not a man of those assembled under our artist's eye in the Pavilion Gardens, be absent at the next great parade, or at many an Easter field-day to come.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

ON THE QUIET WATERS.

THE great city is full of sharp contrasts. Its usual character is, no doubt, that of intense and half-breathless activity. Everything moves rapidly. There is no quiescence, no still life, no equanimity in the general current. Yet here is a little picture which may be seen any hour. A pleasant stream moving along slowly, with a ripple on its surface, between charming green banks. The line is one of graceful bends, curves, and reaches. Trees of all varieties and luxuriant of growth stoop over the waters. There are no crowds, no ships, no uncouth noises. The song of birds is overhead, daisies grow beside the shore. One might float upon the breast of this current and weave fancies and dream and forget the roar of the great city almost close at hand. But something comes. There is a gentle plash, a slow, graceful movement, a slight breaking of the ripples, a crunching of shingle under the branches of trees. Is it a gondola? Are we in London in early Spring? We are undoubtedly in the English metropolis, and the weather is cold. This is not a craft of the sort that moves over the waters of the Grand Canal. It is a thing with a name as far as possible from poetical and with no poetic synonym. It is a barge. May a mere barge be pretty? If so, then is this a pretty object. It is slim of form, of contour youthful (if we may use the term), not quite sharp of prow, but yet not broad across the bows. It is a long, narrow, daintily shaped craft, artistically picked out about the hull with paint. Over the hold is a long pyramidal structure running from stem to stern. The motive power, of course, is a horse on the towing path, but the boat is steered by a woman. The captain at the horse's head, the captain's wife at the helm: these two and the four-footed animal form the crew. The fair coxswain, middle-aged, wearing a flapping nankeen garden bonnet, and a shawl crossed over the bodice and fastened at the waist behind, is as happy as a fairy. This soft movement along the waters, under the boughs and between the strips of grass and buttercups, is soothing, if nothing better. What skill she exercises, without a sign of exertion or anxiety! The long craft seems to turn round the corner of brickwork beyond the bridge, almost at right angles, like a snake. It passes and is gone out of sight into the quietude beyond, and we plunge soon into the roar of the town. Country cousins visiting London at this Easter tide and looking for sights would think small beer of this five minutes' spectacle, but it is for such pictures the Londoner looks. The Londoner will hardly miss the scene, or any of its details, who will stroll on one of these spring days to the north side of Regent's Park and lean for a quarter of an hour over the iron coping of one of the bridges on the canal. Shall we add a dry fact or two? This pretty canal, on some of the highest ground in London, at the foot of Primrose Hill, runs from Paddington to Limehouse. It was begun to be made in 1812, and was opened for this agreeable-looking barge traffic just fifty years ago.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

There is one aspect of London life which rarely presents itself to a stranger. It is the aspect which exactly corresponds with "local affairs" in provincial towns. Our concerns do not, even in this great city, begin and end with what is to be read in the *Times*. The proceedings of Parliament do not occupy with us precisely the place of the meetings of the local authorities down in the country. We have a local and parochial life like our friends. On the table before us lies the newspaper which is our local organ. It is not the *Telegraph* or the *Standard*. Its name is *The North Londoner*. Our country readers probably never heard of the paper. Why should they? They have nothing to do with London as a locality, but only as a metropolis. This newspaper is as intensely local as any newspaper in the kingdom. Its first article is a history and description of "Tottenham Court Chapel," exceedingly interesting, no doubt, to the congregation, and hardly to be passed over without reading even by one who does not concern himself about Tottenham. For this chapel was opened by George Whitfield, and our sketcher tells us:—

> "Amongst those who visited the chapel, eager to hear the eloquent orator, who was so much talked of in his day, were the Prince of Wales and his Royal brothers and sisters, Lords Chesterfield, Halifax, and Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole, David Hume, and David Garrick. Ned Shuter was also a frequent attendant, and Whitfield saw it with interest, for in one of his discourses, when referring to those who were wandering from Christ, he fixed his eyes on the actor, and with great emphasis said, 'And thou Rambler' (for he was acting *Rambler* at that time), 'mayest thou in thy wanderings be led to ramble to the Saviour.'"

It was Tottenham Court Chapel which was, a hundred years ago, known to the profane as "Whitfield's Soul Trap."

The columns of local paragraphs are the exact counterparts of those in the country papers. Here are a temperance entertainment by bell ringers at a chapel, a list of overseers just appointed, a small street accident. And here are reports of vestry meetings and local boards of health, with all the speeches of the members. The inhabitant who drifts into his proper place as a parishioner and ratepayer in London soon ceases to be, in the ordinary sense, a Londoner. The round of his life is very much the same as if he lived, not so much in a country town as in a township or hamlet. Just now, for instance, the ratepayers are on the point of electing guardians. What circulars they receive every morning! What squibs and falsifications of facts! To-day a note comes from one candidate declaring that he has authority to withdraw the name of another. To-morrow comes the repudiation. The controversy waxes hot. Lists arrive of the number of times certain guardians have attended meetings during the year. Economy versus improvement, improvement versus economy, and economy combined with improvement are principles warmly debated. Who are these guardians, and where do they meet, and what do they do? The proper London ratepayer knows. To the rest of the world when it is brought to their notice the business has an odd and ludicrous appearance. But why should we not have our petty squabbles as well as our country cousins at home? Are we not men and brothers?

PERFORMING ANIMALS.

Apropos of the performances now going on at the Holborn Amphitheatre, Mr. Laman Blanchard, writing of London amusements to a country journal, quotes some curious old facts relating to the stage accomplishments of quadrupeds and bipeds of the inferior species:—

> "A century since Mrs. Midnight's 'animal comedians,' composed of dogs and monkeys, who absolutely enacted in dumb show a drama called 'The Siege of Gibraltar,' became the talk of the town. Thirty years ago Schreyer's troupe of performing dogs and monkeys attracted considerable attention at the St. James's Theatre, and people still talk of 'Little Jacob,' the low comedian of the Simian company, who was one day found quietly seated in the Reform Club looking over the morning papers, when the steward came to inquire who was ringing the bell so violently at an unusually early hour of the day. There was also the sagacious monkey, educated by Flexmore, the clown, who it was said had even trained an oyster to follow him up and down stairs. The imitative propensities of this animal—the monkey, not the mollusc, or, to speak by the card, the brute, and not the bivalve—are worthy of record. He was kept by Flexmore in his dressing room at Drury Lane, being only wanted for a few minutes during the comic scene of the pantomime. On one occasion the monkey, left by himself in the dressing-room, where he had seen for so many successive evenings his owner go through the ceremony of 'making up,' went through precisely the same process, and duly whitened and reddened his face as nearly after the clown pattern as he could accurately remember. The monkey then escaped through the window, which had been left open for purposes of ventilation. Leaping across Vinegar-yard, he entered the upper rooms of a second-hand clothes establishment, equipped himself somewhat clumsily in a portion of a naval officer's uniform, and, proud of his newly-acquired dignity, flourished a sword out of the window, to the astonishment of the passers-by, who caught only an occasional glimpse of a cocked hat, apparently waved by somebody in the wildest state of excitement. Crowds collected, the little fellow in the coat and epaulettes was seen to glide along the gutter and descend the water-pipe, finally startling by his sudden appearance a select party assembled at supper in the celebrated establishment known as 'The Whistling Oyster.' Here the fugitive was captured, and restored to the almost disconsolate clown; but it would be at least in accordance with the Darwinian doctrine of development and natural selection to believe that the Holborn Circus monkeys, 'Mameluke' and 'Tulurette,' owe their parentage to the facetious acrobatic animal trained by Flexmore, the clown of merry memory."

We do not make much progress in the training of animals. Horses, monkeys, and dogs could do as wonderful things a hundred years ago as to-day. We might, indeed, say the same of actors of the human species. What advance has been made upon Garrick and Kemble and Kean? And are not our street acrobats the exact counterpart of those of our childhood?

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE MARKET.

The current number of the *Chemist and Druggist*, in its Trade Report, informs us that:—

> "The most recent drug sales were unusually dull. An almost perfect listlessness seemed to pervade buyers. Musk is firm. Tinnivelly senna: demand good, but prices lower. Castor oil is in fair demand, and fine pale is wanted. Saltpetre has made a steady descent for two months past, and will soon be on a peace basis. Quicksilver is a trifle flatter."

These announcements no doubt read naturally enough to the subscribers to the *Chemist and Druggist*, but we expect some of our young readers will be rather surprised to learn that castor oil is in demand under any circumstances, and they will be at a loss to understand the preference for fine pale. That there should be a listlessness about drugs seems reasonable enough, but what is the matter, some will ask, with the quicksilver that it should get flat? We can only refer inquirers to the pages of the excellent contemporary from whom we have quoted.

THE THROAT.—A smart boy in one of the public schools, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows:—"The Throat.—A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

PURE WATER.—ALFRED BIRD, Experimental Chemist, begs to announce that he has perfected his new CARBON FILTER, price 7s. 6d. each, which he guarantees shall deliver 60 gallons of the purest water daily.—To be seen in action at 69, Worcester-street, Birmingham. [930

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mrs. Viner (Miss Cleveland) is filling a short engagement at Liverpool; whence she goes to Birmingham. This is Mrs. Viner's second appearance since she returned from Melbourne. This lady is, without doubt, one of the most accomplished actresses of our day, and we hope shortly to see her in some original part on the London boards.

At the Nilsson concert in Washington (says *Harper's Weekly*) the audience were amused by the novel method in which one enthusiastic admirer of Miss Cary testified his appreciation of her rendition of the "Flower Song" from "Faust." At the conclusion of it he sprang up the steps leading to the stage, and rushing after the retreating form of the fair singer, dashed towards her a mass of loose flowers which he carried in a paper. Some of the flowers fell on the lady's train, and the remainder were scattered in delightful confusion over the stage. The young man did not wait to note the effect of his comical demonstration, but hastily retreated to his seat in the corner, amidst the laughter of the audience.

Mr. Aynsley Cook is engaged to accompany Madame Parepa-Rosa in her tour through the United States.

Fraulein Minnie Hauck has accepted an engagement for two years from the management of the Hofoperntheatre in Vienna.

We learn from America that Christine Nilsson has purchased five lots of land on a bluff near the city of Peoria, Illinois, upon which she intends to erect an elegant villa. She gave 25,500 dols. for the site.

The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, in commenting upon Mr. Boucicault's last new drama, "Elfie," which has been performed at the Tyne Theatre, supported by Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Emily Fowler, Mr. Parselle, Mr. W. Rignold, and Mr. Holston, says:—"Within the last ten years the features of theatrical entertainments in the metropolis and in the provinces have undergone a singular change. It may be in the memory of many of our readers that a season used to be made up of a string of visits by great popular performers, who came to play what was termed 'star' engagements. Mr. Macready was followed by Madame Vestris, who was succeeded by Mr. Farren, who was followed by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and so on. There were eminent artists in sufficient number then to fill in succession the long period during which our theatre was opened. A revolution has taken place. The number of great living actors is very restricted. We have no great names. But in the place of these personal attractions we have great popular dramas. Public attention is attracted to the literary rather than to the artistic element in the entertainment. We are invited to see certain remarkable pieces performed by groups of actors selected for the especial purpose of making a perfect representation of the whole. When we went to see a great star, we knew that one part only in the play would be performed in perfection, and we disregarded the rest. The modern practice of 'star' pieces reverses this principle. It is to Mr. Boucicault that we owe this revolution in theatrical affairs. The 'Colleen Bawn' was the first 'star' drama that was sent round the provincial theatres in this manner. Mr. T. W. Robertson followed suit with his charming comedies, 'Caste,' 'School,' and 'Ours.' And now the provincial theatres are mainly supported by selected London companies, sent out with scenery and costumes, and every adjunct necessary to a complete representation of these new dramas in the most perfect manner."

The management of the Court Theatre have issued a notice intimating that the free list is entirely suspended, "that is to say, no orders for free admission will be given away. It has for a long time been the custom in several theatres to give away quantities of orders: at the Royal Court Theatre, under the present management, this system will never be countenanced. The visitor to the Court will always have the satisfaction of knowing that his neighbour has paid equally with himself for the entertainment provided, and that he is not placed near to those who never would or could pay for the seats they occupy. The management do not permit any fees, have provided proper attendants in livery, and improved the administration in the refreshment department. These reforms before the curtain have already been recognised by the public; and, in adding to these a total abolition of the paper system at this theatre, they feel they are only fulfilling one more duty to those who do pay, and are the only real supporters of the drama." We congratulate the management on this bold stroke of policy. It is a most wholesome example, and we should be glad to see it followed by every theatre in the kingdom. "A Theatrical Manager," writing to the *Daily News* upon this topic, says:—"The absurdity of a manager giving away what it is his trade to sell arises from a dread to confess to a failure. Anything, he thinks, is better than empty benches, which tell their own tale. If a play is a bad one, the public is to be gulled into the belief that it is a good one. If the theatre is for some weeks nightly crowded with audiences who have paid nothing for admission, it is hoped that an artificial enthusiasm will be created, and that eventually, by the mere contagion of example, crowds ready to pay for their amusement will besiege its doors. This attempt, however, to humbug the public must in the end work its own cure. At present fully one-half of habitual theatre-goers never pay one farthing for the entertainments which they witness, although they are well able to do so. Not only, consequently, is the class from which managers ought to derive the profits of their speculation thus halved, but those who are ready to pay feel an uneasy sense of injustice when they reflect, as they take their places in the stalls or the pit, that their neighbours on each side of them have very probably paid nothing for theirs. I would strongly recommend all managers to follow the example set to them by the Court Theatre, and to lay down the hard and fast line that a play must stand or fall upon its own merits. The excuse for the present system is that, if one theatre gives away free admissions, other theatres must follow suit. Why, however, do not managers meet together and agree upon some common course of action? Were they all steadily to set their faces against a state of things which, if persisted in, must eventually ruin them, the race of order-hunters would soon cease to exist. There is no more reason why a man should occupy a place in a theatre for nothing than that he should dine for nothing at a restaurant. To my thinking, it is as mean and contemptible to attempt to do the one as the other. In America competing lines of steamers carry passengers for nothing; and it has sometimes happened that one line in order to cut out the other not only does this, but provides a gratis dinner. London managers are carrying out the first part of this programme, and unless they cease to cut each other's throats the public will eventually be able to witness a comedy or a tragedy, and be provided with refreshments between the acts, for nothing. Theatrical property will be depreciated, theatrical entertainments will get worse and worse, and the real patrons of the drama will be disgusted with the humbug of the whole affair, and, in despair, give up 'going to the play.' Managers will be ruined, and no one will pity them, for they will only have themselves to thank for it."

The Crystal Palace Handel Festival will be celebrated on the 16th, 19th, 21st, and 23rd of June. The oratorios will be the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," and a miscellaneous selection of Handelian works, sacred and secular.

Mr. J. L. Toole has gone to play at Liverpool and Manchester. He will return to London towards the close of next month.

The *Echo* says the Vaudeville Theatre, with all its properties, &c., will be sold by auction in June next, by Messrs. Driver. Messrs. Montague, James, and Thorne, the present lessees, will continue in occupation.

"Paradise and the Peri" is becoming very popular in the provinces.

The *Orchestra* says that the great organ under the dome of St. Paul's is about to be sold to the proprietors of a music-hall in Sheffield. This organ was originally built for the Alhambra in Leicester-square.

Signor Verdi has arrived at Florence in order to assume the post offered him by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, for the improvement and reorganisation of the Italian Musical Institute.

A contemporary states that Mr. Fisk has tendered M. Offenbach a pressing invitation to remove himself, family, and Muse, to New York, and write opera bouffe upon American topics.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has written a new fairy tale, which will be produced at the Court Theatre this (Saturday) evening.

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

By the Late Alice Cary.

There were seven fishers with nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the seaside sands;
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them, one and all—
Ay! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle, and one was bold,
And they walked with downcast eyes:
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew not if he would rise—
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The live-long night, till the moon went out,
In the drowning waters they beat about:
Beat slow through the fogs their way;
And the sails dropped down with the wringing-wet,
And no man drew but an empty net,
And now 'twas the break of the day—
The great glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side"—
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide)—
And they cast and were dragging hard;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved,
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved:
"It is our risen Lord—
Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girdling his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat—
Ay! first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their net through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land
They saw a fire of coals in the sand,
And with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago,
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea—
On the wet wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea;
Where Peter, girdling his fisher's coat,
Went over the net and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over "Lov'st thou me?"

LITERATURE AND ART.

It was mentioned recently by the *Echo* that the sketches and descriptive articles in the *Graphic* on "Pits and Pitmen" were by Mr. M. W. Ridley (artist), and Mr. Joseph Hatton (author). These gentlemen are now engaged upon a series of "Pictures on the Thames" for the *Illustrated Newspaper*. The first of this series will shortly appear.

The *Athenæum* states that Mr. Archibald Forbes, who was the special military correspondent for the *Daily News* in the late war, is about to publish, through Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, his "Experiences of the War in France and Germany." This work will contain the author's personal adventures from the beginning to the close of the contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Howitt are now in Rome, where, on the 16th inst., they will celebrate their fiftieth—their golden—wedding day.

Nature learns that the volume containing the various observations of the recent total eclipse will be edited by the Astronomer Royal.

We learn from the *Architect* that of the paintings to be sold at Christie and Manson's on the 19th inst., the *chef d'œuvre* is a large picture of Ridley and Latimer embracing before execution; whilst a full-length portrait of the Queen in her State robes, and a highly-finished painting of the "Christening of the Prince of Wales," have been purchased by her Majesty, and will be sent, the former to Holyrood Palace, the latter to Windsor Castle.

The *Knight Errant* gives the following list of new works and new editions:—"The Complete Angler," by Theodore Hook; "The Perfection of Watches," by Charles Lever; "How to Dress the Hair," by Hain Friswell; "Our Wooden Walls," by Mrs. Henry Wood; "Hints on Colour," by W. T. Dyer, B.A.; "The Guide to playing the Fife," by James Whistler; "Why the Shoe Pinches," by C. C. Fraser Tytler.

Lloyd's News announces that "Teachers of the Young Idea," by Blanchard Jerrold, "discontinued in the *School Board Chronicle*," will appear in another form.

Concerning the action by Mr. Sala against Mr. Hain Friswell, the latter gentleman writes to the *Globe* as follows:—"It is true that I had given Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton an indemnity from the very first; it is true that this was known to the other side, and that I had asked that the action should be brought against me personally; but it is no less true that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have generously come forward to bear a full half of the burden save my private law expenses. It is due to those gentlemen that this conduct should not be misrepresented nor unknown."

Dr. Rowland Williams, of "Essays and Reviews" celebrity, left a valuable library of 8,000 volumes to any town in Wales or Monmouthshire which would undertake to find a suitable habitation for it, Swansea or Carnarvon to have the preference. It is probable that Cardiff, which already possesses a free library, will carry off the prize.

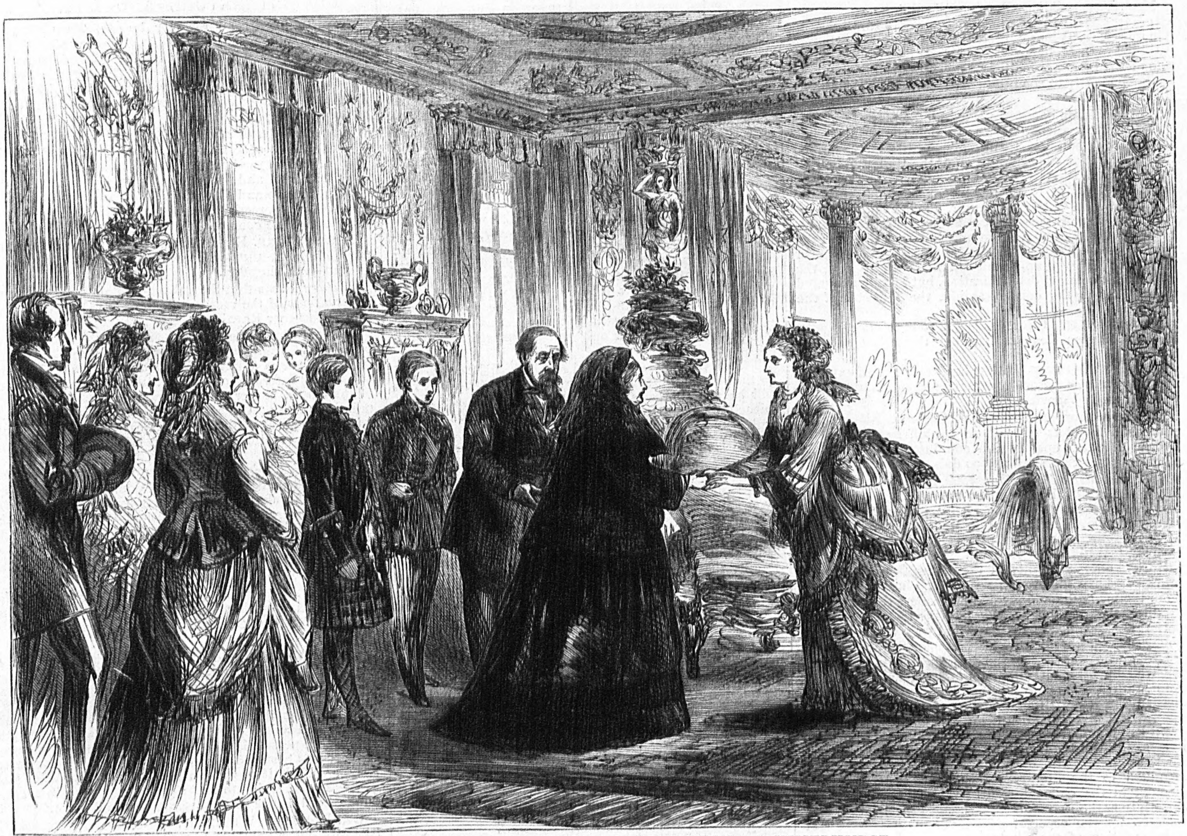
The *Athenæum* says it is rumoured that Professor Jowett intends, in course of time, to publish a volume supplementary to his translation of Plato, in which he will discuss at length the question of the genuineness of the Platonic dialogues, and other points that he was unable to treat of within the limits of his recent work.

Speaking of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for New York, *Harper's Weekly* says the officers have issued an address to the public briefly stating their purposes and their action hitherto. A charter has been obtained. There has been careful reflection and action upon the part of the executive committee, and a liberal subscription, amounting thus far to about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, has been received. Nothing is payable until the subscription reaches the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which will be large enough to begin the active work of collection with the certainty of success. A bill is now before the Legislature which will provide a suitable building for the purposes of the museum, and two of the most energetic of the gentlemen interested hold two admirable galleries, bought in Europe under most favourable circumstances, at the disposition of the museum. The enterprise is in the hands of those who are best fitted for its successful prosecution, and every one who subscribes may be entirely confident that the very best use will be made of his money. The chief purpose of this museum, as the address says, is to illustrate the history of art through all its changes. And art is a word which is most liberally interpreted by the museum. It includes industrial and decorative, as well as what is distinctively called fine art; and the object of the museum is to furnish the most ample opportunities of study to every student of every branch of art. Of course such a view does not contemplate every invention, but those in which beauty is a conscious and essential element—the arts, in the most generous sense, of design. A great city without such a museum is not a metropolis. It still wants one of the means of the highest cultivation, such as can be provided only where great centres of population accumulate great wealth. To give New York this crowning glory is the honourable and natural wish of every good citizen, and that the work should be the fruit of voluntary gifts is a not less honourable desire. The project is now before the public, and every one who is interested is solicited to lend such aid as he can.

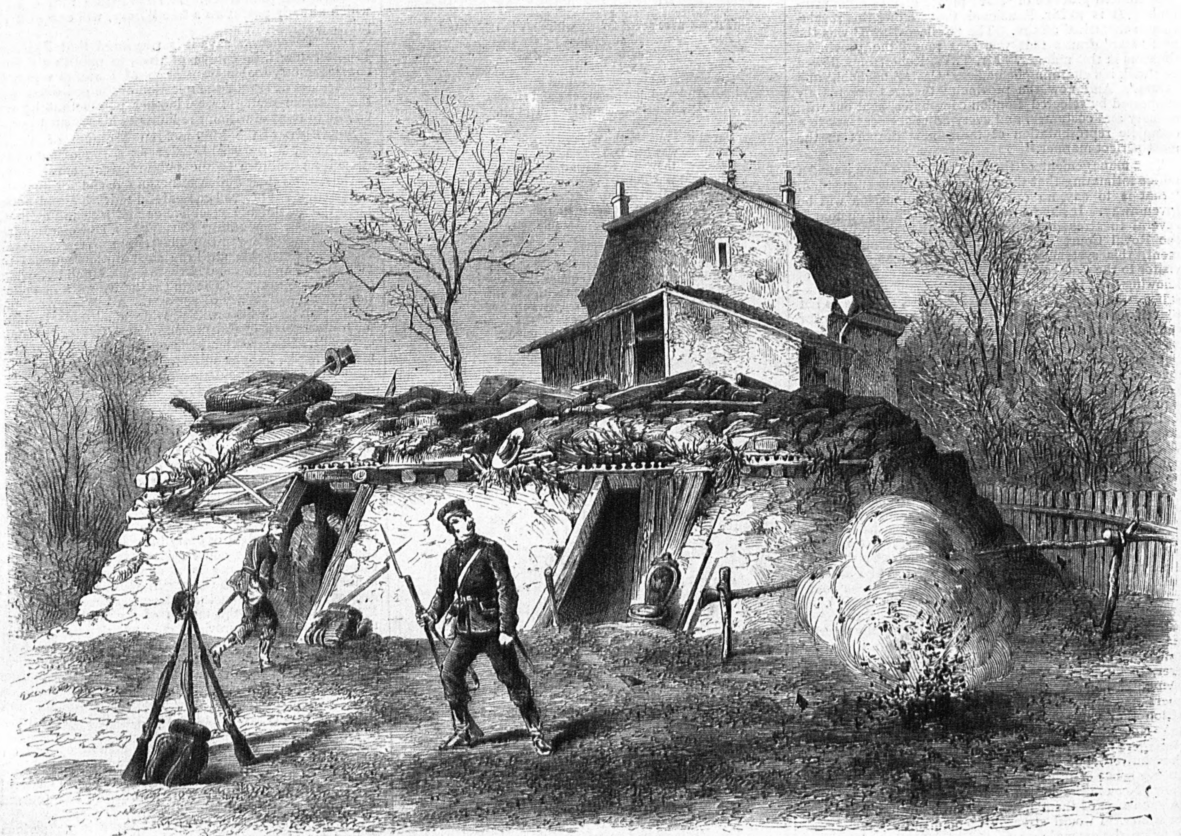
The public library of Cincinnati is now opened on Sunday, and is well patronised by young men.

Colonel Bordone, late chief of the staff to General Garibaldi, is engaged on a work entitled "The Journal of a Staff Officer."

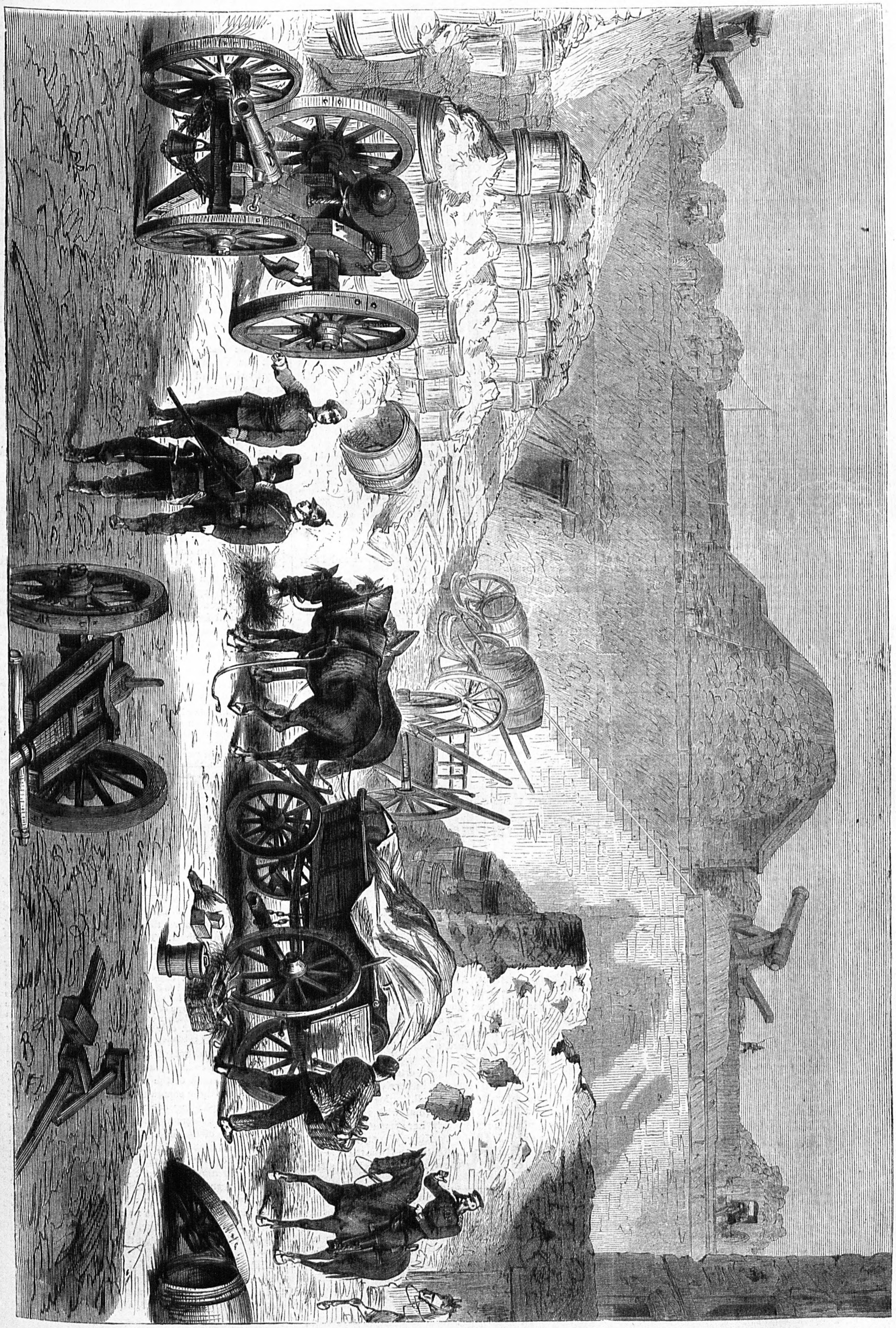
The *Sunday Times* states that there is no serious ground for alarm respecting Mr. Algernon Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne has lately been seriously ill, but he was able to travel alone on Tuesday by rail from London to the residence of his father, Admiral Swinburne, at Henley-on-Thames.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT CHISELHURST.



BEFORE PARIS: AN ARTILLERY OUTPOST.



BEFORE PARIS: INSIDE FORT ROSNY.

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PLUM PUDDING RECIPE.

Take one teacupful of Pearlina, steep it in one cupful of milk for an hour, then add half-a-cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, quarter lb. of suet, two ounces of orange peel, quarter lb. raisins, quarter lb. currants; add two eggs, well beaten up, then a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and the same of ginger; tie in a bowl or cloth, and boil for three hours.

THIS MAKES IT AS RICH AND LIGHT AS SIX EGGS AND SIX HOURS' BOILING WOULD DO WITHOUT PEARLINA. [936

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NOTICE.
THE SCHOOL BOARD OF LONDON. The Official Records of the London School Board, from the first meeting to the present time, are appearing in THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE. The Official Minutes begin in No. 8 of the CHRONICLE, for April 8.
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COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

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*** ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., pre-paid.

NOTICES.

THE ROYAL WEDDING PICTURE

Can still be had with the Paper. Price of Picture and Paper together Sixpence.

Many applications having been made from the country for extra copies of this work for framing, arrangements have been made for posting the Plates carefully rolled on wood (to prevent creasing), on receipt of Sixpence in postage stamps.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

A few copies of our Tinted Lithographic Supplement, issued in March, can still be had on application to the Publisher, price Sixpence, including an ordinary number of the Paper.

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE TO OUR NEW SERIES.

We have already shown the public that an illustrated newspaper can be produced for threepence. The encouragement which we have received induces us to go a step further. We mean to prove that an illustrated paper *equal to the best pictorial journals of the day* can be produced for THREEPENCE. The present number may be taken as an earnest of our sincerity.

We will share the profits of our undertaking with our patrons. A large increase of circulation shall be continually met by an increased expenditure in the production of our pictures. Acting upon this principle we believe that in a few months the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be the most popular work of its kind ever produced.

These are bold words. We shall act up to them; and as we merit public favour, we trust the measure of our deserts may be meted out to us. With which hope in the future, we combine our very hearty thanks for kindly consideration and support in the past.

March 18, 1871.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, APRIL 15, 1871.

AN incident which we illustrate this week—the visit of the Queen of England to the ex-Emperor of the French—is made much of by Bonapartists on the Continent. They are guilty of an absurd mistake in attaching any political importance to the meeting. Her Majesty has only fulfilled one of the common courtesies of social life, not to say of Imperial etiquette, in receiving the fallen monarch and returning his "call." Moreover, Her Majesty can afford to be even cordial with the ex-Emperor, seeing how unmistakably her sympathies during the war went with his enemy. King WILLIAM himself was not less courteous and attentive to NAPOLEON after Sedan than Her Majesty the Queen of England after Wilhelmshohe.

THE ancient city of Durham has just agreed to adopt the new Education Act. If the reports of the local council meetings are to be taken as any indication of the necessity for the schoolmaster, the city is "in a parlous state." Town Councillors in Durham tell each other to "mind their own business," call each other "my good man," and contradict each other in this style: A.—"I did." B.—"You didn't." A.—"I did." B.—"No, you didn't," and so on. This is their mode of conducting a public debate. The other day, at the Durham Board of Guardians, one of the members spoke against vaccination, in spite of the terrible warnings of several deaths from small-pox having occurred in the district. The schoolmaster appears to be needed almost as much in the cathedral city of Worcester as in the north. One of the Worcester Board advocates the return in that district to "the old system of midwives" instead of employing medical practitioners, who are more expensive to the union!

THE Easter holidays have passed over without the usual list of railway and other casualties. This, we hope, may be regarded as a happy augury, seeing that Easter opens the excursion season. The Volunteers have had their field day at Brighton, and military critics speak in eulogistic terms of the increased efficiency of our citizen soldiers. That miserable section of the political community who think there is capital to be made out of Republican meetings have utilised their holidays by showing the world how unimportant they are in number and how weak in every essential point necessary to secure either attention or respect.

PARIS is undergoing a second bombardment. The western side of the city has been under fire for some days. Few persons, however, have been killed, and the victims are chiefly lookers-on, or people flying for safety from one district of Paris to another. It is thought that the Versailles Government intend to reduce the city by siege and not by assault. The Reds, however, are preparing for the latter contingency. They are arming the city at all points, and re-erecting barricades in the streets. An appeal to the citizens to fill up the war companies meets with little response. We have this week received some sketches from a French artist, specially commissioned by us, in Paris. They will be engraved for our next publication.

SINCE Communism triumphs for the moment in Paris, since the Government which holds possession of the Hotel de Ville has sympathisers enough in England to get up a demonstration in Hyde Park, and since Republican clubs and other organisations, even in the midst of constitutional England, have taken of late to the discussion of first principles of social and political life, we may expect that the intelligent portion of the community generally who are not moved by these impulses will feel impelled to take a new and special interest in questions relating to labour and capital. It may awaken speculation, and show which way the tide is running, if we quote here a passage from one of a series of articles on "Working Men's Questions," now running in the columns of the *Birmingham Morning News*:—

> "If a manufacturer lays down a new machine in place of an old one, he has to set against his expected profit the loss he voluntarily incurs. His old machine was worth something to him as a machine—it is now so much obsolete iron and brass; and by that difference he is the poorer. His loss, however, begins and ends there; his old machine lies dead upon his hands, and that is all. He has no longer to feed it with coal and oil, or be at charges for its continual repair. But when he lays down a machine of brass and iron to take the place of men, the value he has extinguished entails no loss whatever upon himself. The superseded human machines have cost him nothing, and he can get rid of them without trouble and without compunction. Unlike the discarded engine, however, they cannot be put away in a lumber yard, or broken up for the marine store dealer. They have yet to be kept going; they must be supplied from somewhere with food and drink."

The argument, it may be surmised, is applied partly in condemnation of the Patent Laws. There is a rather powerful school of political economists in the Midland counties who denounce the system of protecting discoveries and inventions. This writer is evidently one of them. He speaks of the Patent Laws as:—

> "Laws which protect the discoverer of any contrivance for dispensing with labour, enabling him for a time to withhold from the community, and to keep for himself, all the advantages derivable from it, while he throws, unhindered, upon the same community the new charge of providing a maintenance, in some shape or other, for the labour which he has no further occasion for. Laws in which not only the labourer's position in society, but his very claim to existence, is ignored!"

These reformers contend that the State should reward inventors and discoverers, and give the community the free and full benefit of the novelty. We are not going to discourse on these somewhat dry topics. We content ourselves with pointing out what sort of speculations, as well as deeds, manners, and customs, go to form the "country life" of the time. These articles are written by one whose *nom de plume* is "A Voice from the Bench." They form a prominent feature of the journal in which they appear. And the writer speaks of the laws which restrict the freedom of organisation, the Patent Laws, and the "laws which assist in tying up land, so that the labourer has no chance of going back to mother earth for sustenance," as:—

> "Legislative conspiracies against the progress and prosperity of labour."

Candidates at future general elections will have some tough questions to answer and some hard nuts to crack. Mr. Gladstone should make the most of the lease of government given him in 1868, and close up as many open questions as possible before he again "appeals to the country."

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE TOPMOST TOWER.

THERE is a church steeple in the parish of St. Peter, Wolverhampton, whose bells did not ring on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. To the country generally this may not appear to be a matter of very great significance. If a good many church bells were thrown into a state of agitation on that day, many more were quiet, and their silence was passed over without comment. There are circumstances, however, which separate the case of the church of St. Peter from others. In the first place there is a literary publication known (to its subscribers) in Wolverhampton as the *St. Peter's Parish Magazine.* This periodical has not held its peace on the subject of the marriage in its relation to St. Peter's bells. In its pages appears a literary contribution from the pen of the respected rector, who, after stating that he did not refuse to ring the bells in honour of the marriage, because no one made application to him on the subject, proceeds to say:—

> "From the Church point of view we were better pleased that the late Royal marriage should not be thus noised abroad, inasmuch as it ought not to have taken place in the season of Lent."

It is not quite clear whether the parishioners refrained from requiring the bells to be rung out of respect for Lent, out of consideration for the scruples of their pastor, or by reason of indifference with regard to the Royal wedding; nor should we deem the matter much worth inquiring into were it not for the fact, noted by a correspondent of a Birmingham newspaper, that:—

> "The steeple in St. Peter's Church is higher than the highest tableland in England."

We do not know what may be the degree of intensity of local feeling in St. Peter's, but we could name some districts where the fact of the exceptional altitude of the church tower would of itself have been enough to prevent the inhabitants from forgetting to ring the bells. They would have felt then and at all times that the commanding position of the belfry made special and extraordinary demands upon their loyalty. Some such sense of the proprieties of the occasion seems to have inspired the following note of the Wolverhampton correspondent whom we have quoted:—

> "The eminent dignitaries of the Church who solemnised the marriage, evidently by that act ventured to differ with the Rector of St. Peter's, Wolverhampton. If so, so much the worse for the eminent dignitaries, seeing that the steeple of St. Peter's Church is higher than the highest tableland in England; and its point of view, therefore, much more extensive and advantageous."

We would not be understood to rebuke the parishioners of St. Peter's, for we cannot tell how far their neglect to hail the wedding morn with a peal may be attributed to their pious regard for the season, which, in the opinion of their rector, was somewhat desecrated by the very much to be deprecated occurrences at Windsor. But if the reverend gentleman is not to be congratulated upon having his lot cast in the midst of a body of parishioners whose views and feelings coincide absolutely with his own on the subject of fasts, then we think St. Peter's has not been duly sensible of the responsibility of its position consequent upon its occupying the highest tableland in England. They do not know to what extent their conduct may have tended to the historic obscurity of the marriage of the Queen's daughter; but if they have a spark left of that local feeling of which in this event we detect no signs, however they may differ with their rector on questions of fasts and festivals they will concur with him in thinking that the silence of St. Peter's bells prevented the news of the Royal marriage from being "noised abroad."

HIS WORSHIP IN THE METROPOLIS.

From the same picker up of unconsidered local trifles to whom we are indebted for the facts and suggestions contained in the above paragraph we are constrained to quote, before we leave him, the following noteworthy reference to the opening of the Albert Hall, in its relation to the civic dignity of Wolverhampton:—

> "London is a big place; and even a much larger Mayor may be lost in it than the present Mayor of Wolverhampton. The burgesses, however, have learnt from a local newspaper, with no small degree of satisfaction, that his worship knew how to make his presence felt at the opening of the Albert Hall. The *Chronicle* thus records:—'We understand from report that our town was represented in a manner quite worthy of the position we hold in the Midland counties, and we understand that the Londoners seemed almost as much surprised at the handsome equipage, drawn by a splendid pair of greys, which conveyed the Mayor in his court costume and official robe, with the Mayor's Sergeant, carrying the mace, seated in front.' And here the paragraph ends; and we are tempted to ask in relation to the Londoners, who 'were as much surprised'—as what? As Londoners can be at anything provincial. It was 'the splendid pair of greys' that opened their eyes to the position of Wolverhampton. Mayors are not of much account with a Cockney; but he knows what an 'orse is."

We fear the local journal and the correspondent between them are a little hard upon the gentleman who presides over the corporate affairs of Wolverhampton. He is probably as little obliged to the writer who, somewhat lamely, sought to do him honour, as to the critic who seized the opportunity to make fun at once of his worship and the editor. By virtue of his exertions to secure that a worthy reception shall be given to the Royal Agricultural Society on their visit to Wolverhampton in the coming summer, we know that the Mayor is a good man and true, and we do not think that he and his "'orses" were either ridiculous or unduly conspicuous at the ceremony of the opening of the Albert Hall. It may be necessary for us to state that it is not the carriage of the Mayor of Wolverhampton which is seen drawing up to the portal of the Albert Hall, in the fine engraving presented to our subscribers with this number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

"SARTOR RESARTUS" ON THE WATCH COMMITTEE.

The police constables of Salford appear to have been badly treated by the corporation tailors. Witness the statement of Councillor Walker at a recent meeting of the Town Council:—

> "He had been present at the annual inspection, and, when he saw the police formed in military array, he was reminded of what Carlyle said, to the effect that everything had been written about man, physically and morally, but nothing had been written about his clothes. Now those poor policemen presented one of the most pitiable sights possible—one, in fact, he should not soon forget. He did not know what the qualifications of a policeman were, but he saw there was not a single man whose trousers fitted him. It reminded him of another saying of Carlyle.
>
> "A MEMBER: Never mind Carlyle.
>
> "MR. WALKER continued: Carlyle said it was essential to a dandy that his trousers should be tight at the waist. The trousers were as wrinkled as a potato sack. If they had been made in a Jewish slop-shop, or by some inexperienced country tailor, they could not have been much worse. He hoped, if something had not already been done to avert it, those poor men would not be allowed to remain as they were, or their trousers would become as famous as Hudibras's breeches."

It is rather grievous to hear that in the very centre of the manufacturing district the tailoring art is at so low an ebb; but the public mind is not yet demoralised by it. Others besides Councillor Walker are still alive to the fitness of things. Councillor Harrison, a member, if not the chairman, of the Watch Committee, acknowledged the impeachment:—

> "Attention," he said, "had been called to the disgraceful condition of the new trousers of the policemen, and he believed that the tailor who had contracted for the work was to make a better job of them. He quite agreed with the remarks of Mr. Walker. It was simply a waste of good cloth."

The worthy Mayor was on the same side. He "explained that the Watch Committee, on examining the trousers, condemned them and ordered them to be altered."

We hope some London outfitter will take the hint and send in a tender for the next supply of trousers to the Salford police.

VERY OLD HERALDRY.

At a recent meeting of the Chester Archæological Society, a gentleman named Ayrton read a paper "On the original grant of a coat of arms to the City of Chester." He prefaced his lecture with a few remarks on the honourable science of heraldry. He told his hearers that heraldry proper, as an established profession, dated from about the twelfth century, but there were some who thought they traced the practice of bearing family insignia to a very much earlier date. We quote a passage on this point:—

> "If we were to trust the dictum of heraldic enthusiasts, we could not have a better specimen of the extent to which they will go on riding their hobby than one afforded by that heraldic fancier Morgan, who pretends to give us the coat of arms proper to Adam and Eve, which he asserts they bore. To Adam he assigns a shield, *gules*, to Eve another, *argent*, which latter Adam bore over his as an inescutcheon, his wife being sole heiress. He also tells us that after the Fall, Adam bore a garland of fig leaves, which Abel quartered with *argent*; an *apple vert*, in right of his mother."

We have no doubt these arms of the family of our first father and mother would look as well as any others that could be devised, and we commend them to the attention of those rising members of society who are unable to trace back an honourable pedigree. The right of any man to the arms of Adam and Eve would be indisputable.

THE CENSUS.—A singular charge was preferred before the Devon county magistrates on Saturday. A middle-aged man was fined £1 and costs for refusing to return a census paper for himself and child. He declared that he did not know his own name or place of birth, and should not perjure himself by making a false entry.

WOMEN as telegraphic operators have proved a great success. They send the electric spark right through a fellow.

A MEANS OF GRACE.—"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Jones, with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well, yes," growled Jones; "I suppose anything is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.—The other day a little shaver was expatiating on the injurious effects of tobacco. Said he, "The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a single drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute." The boy had got things slightly mixed.

CAUTION AGAINST THE USE OF POISONOUS HAIR WASHES.—Dr. Chandler, Chemist to the Board of Health, New York, found of fifteen Hair Restorers analysed that all contained lead; the public should, therefore, use those preparations only that are harmless and do not dye the hair. Fowler and Sheppard's Bay Rum is the best of these. All should use this charming wash, it cleanses and cools the head, prevents scurf, and promotes the growth of the hair in a marvellous degree; for children it is invaluable; no nursery or toilet should be without it. As a lotion it surpasses Eau de Cologne or Toilet Vinegar. Direct from the proprietors, Fowler and Sheppard, Chemists, 51, Hollywood Road, West Brompton, and 36, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; 4s. 6d. bottles carriage free to all railway stations. Also from all chemists. [295

'TIS SPRING!

[*See Front Page.*]

I.

'Tis Spring! new leaves have come, and fields are bright;
Birds chirp on the roof at blush of dawn;
Young butterflies and bees have taken flight,
And crocus buds are peeping through the lawn.

II.

'Tis Spring! the lanes are green, and rabbits run
In pastures full of daisies pinky-white;
Brooks shine like silken ribands in the sun,
And brabble through the woodlands with delight.

III.

'Tis Spring! the schoolboy by the river side
Holds out his fishing-rod with anxious look:
He sees the minnows 'mongst the cresses glide,
And fears to breathe when they come nigh his hook.

IV.

'Tis Spring! and when the soft warm showers descend
On leaf, and branch, and bud, the meadow smells
Of fruitful earth; the freshen'd flowers distend
And sweeten hills, and plains, and bosky dells.

V.

'Tis Spring! the linnet trills, and cuckoos whoot
From secret woody nooks at close of day;
When work is done the milkboy blows his flute
Under the hedge, where merry children play.

'Tis Spring! 'tis Spring! O all ye birds that sing
Give out your sweetest strains in praise of Spring!

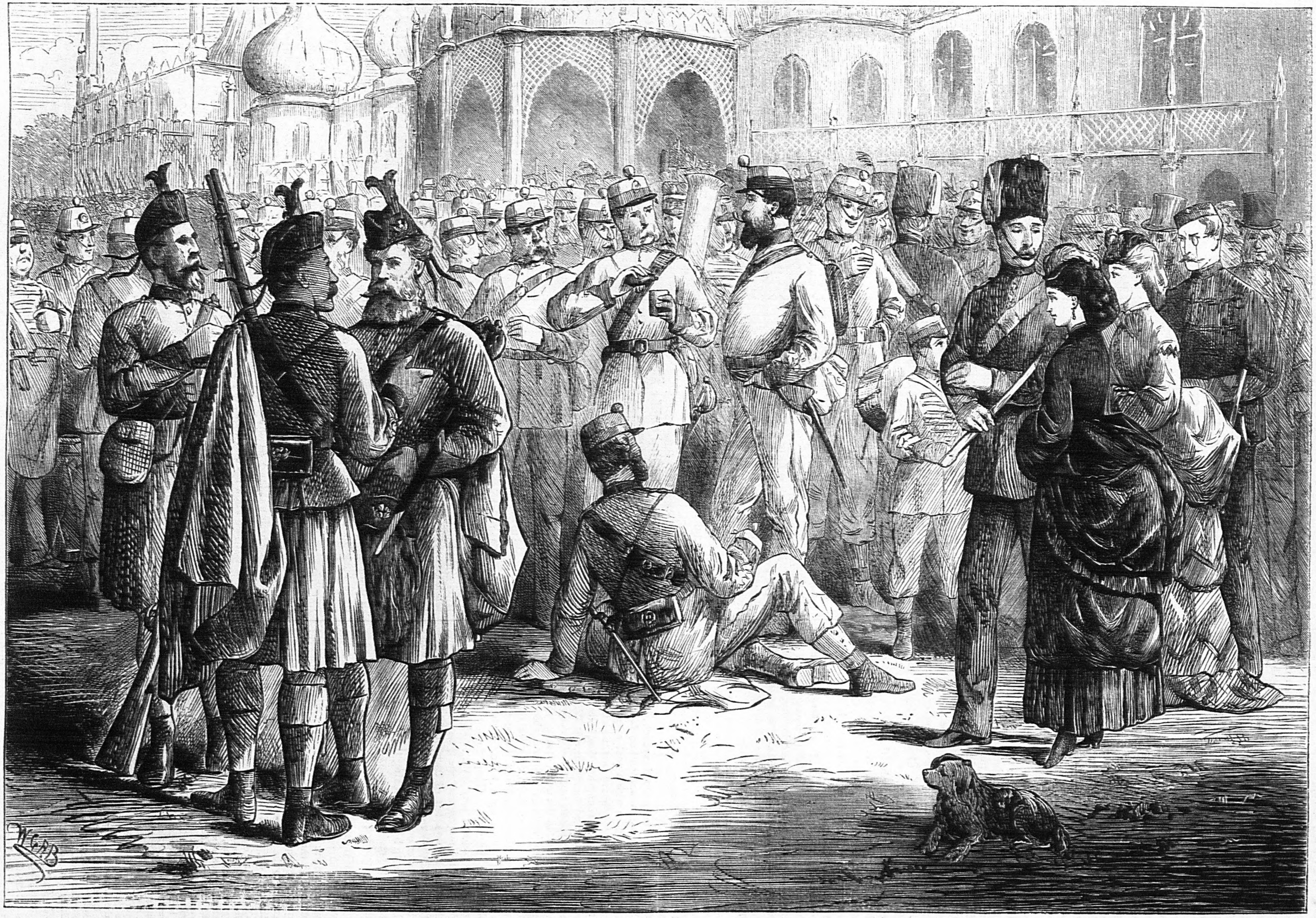
GUY ROSLYN.

FACES OF FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes:—"*Apropos* of ugly, it should be noted, as one of the special elements in this revolution, that it has brought into the streets and into the ranks of the National Guard a set of faces so atrociously monstrous that even the most experienced gaol warders would stand astounded at their aspect. The day after the murdering in the Rue de la Paix I was talking on the subject to a Danish courier who spends his life in rolling about Europe with inquisitive American families. He said, 'Well, sir, I have seen a good many scoundrels, and a remarkable collection of villains. I have looked at faces in the Bagne at Civita Vecchia which seemed to belong to a mixture of a low demon and a hyena; I have contemplated analogous countenances with all the shades and variations resulting from differences of climate, of race, and tendencies to crime, at Leghorn, Toulon, and Dartmoor; I have seen the chopped-off heads of Greek, Turkish, and Neapolitan brigands, none of which are pleasant to look at; I fancied I had seen men's faces do their worst, and that there was not to be found a fiend whose portrait I had not already viewed. Well, sir, I declare that all the infernal devils I have beheld in various prisons and on various scaffolds about Europe looked like innocence compared to some of the hideous hounds I met yesterday round the Place Vendôme. I shrank from them as if they had been death or the pest.' I have seen enough during my occasional visits to the Arch of Triumph during the last three days to prove that my Dane is right. The same observation was made in 1830 and 1848. Faces turned up which bewildered everybody; then came the puzzling question, 'What becomes of these hideous monsters when no revolution is on hand?' After all, as revolution is not a normal and chronic situation of society—but is, on the contrary, even in France, a temporary and exceptional state—it would be interesting to know how these foul wretches live, and where they hide their awful faces, in the interval between one revolution and another."

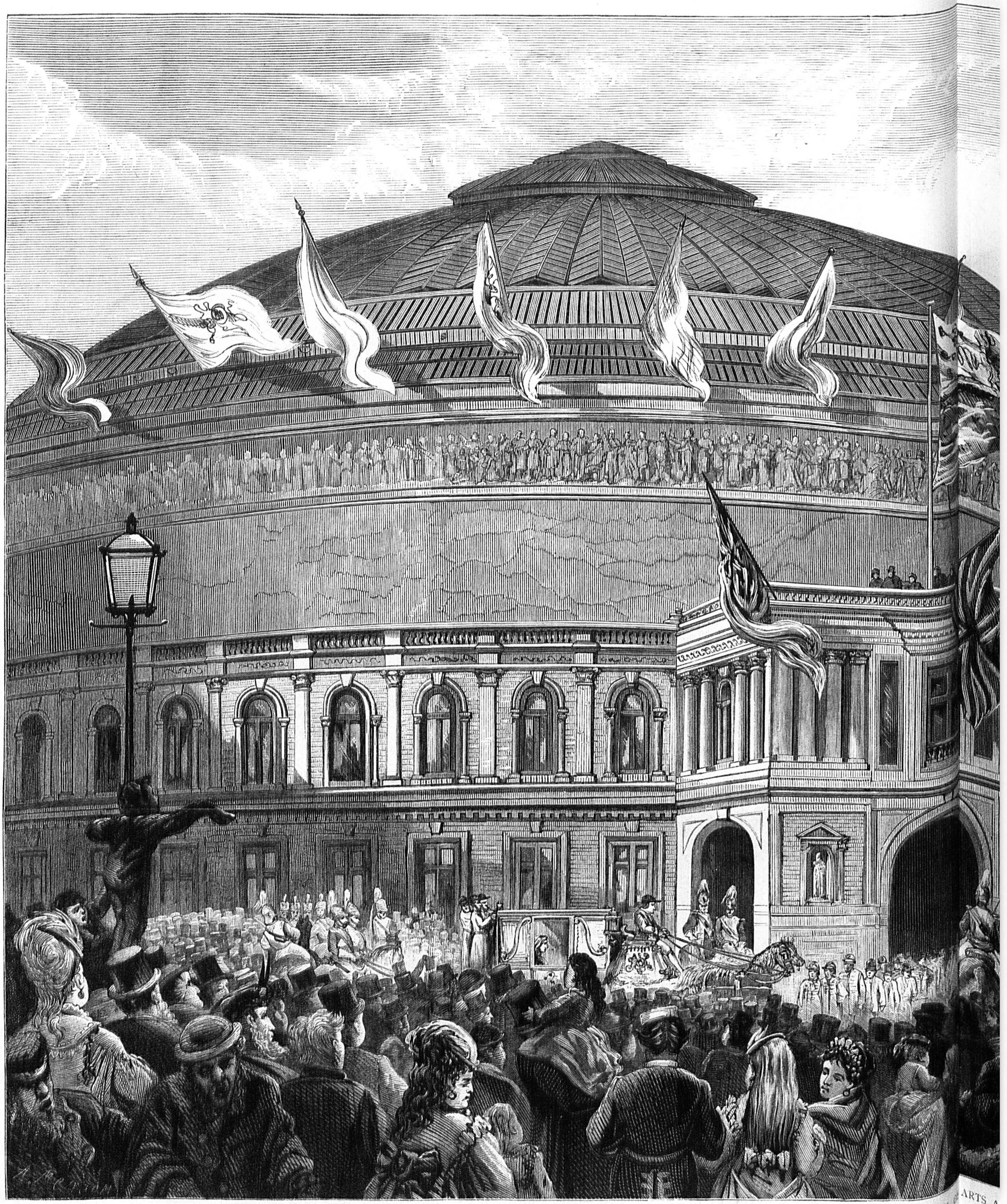
MONUMENT TO ERNEST JONES.—A granite monument erected in Ardwick Cemetery, Manchester, to the memory of the late Mr. Ernest Jones, was unveiled on Saturday in the presence of a large number of spectators, including delegates from Radical associations throughout the country. The inscription on the monument describes Mr. Jones's work as a poet and a patriot, his labours on behalf of the poorer classes, and his political career. At a meeting held in the evening resolutions were passed recommending the advanced Liberal party to agitate for a revision of the laws relating to land, urging the passing of the Ballot Bill, and claiming assistance for the organisations working for a revision of the licensing laws. The fund raised on behalf of the widow and family of Mr. Jones has now reached the sum of nearly £3,000, and includes subscriptions from Lord Lytton, Mr. Disraeli, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.

VICE-ADMIRAL TEGETHOFF died at Vienna a few days ago.

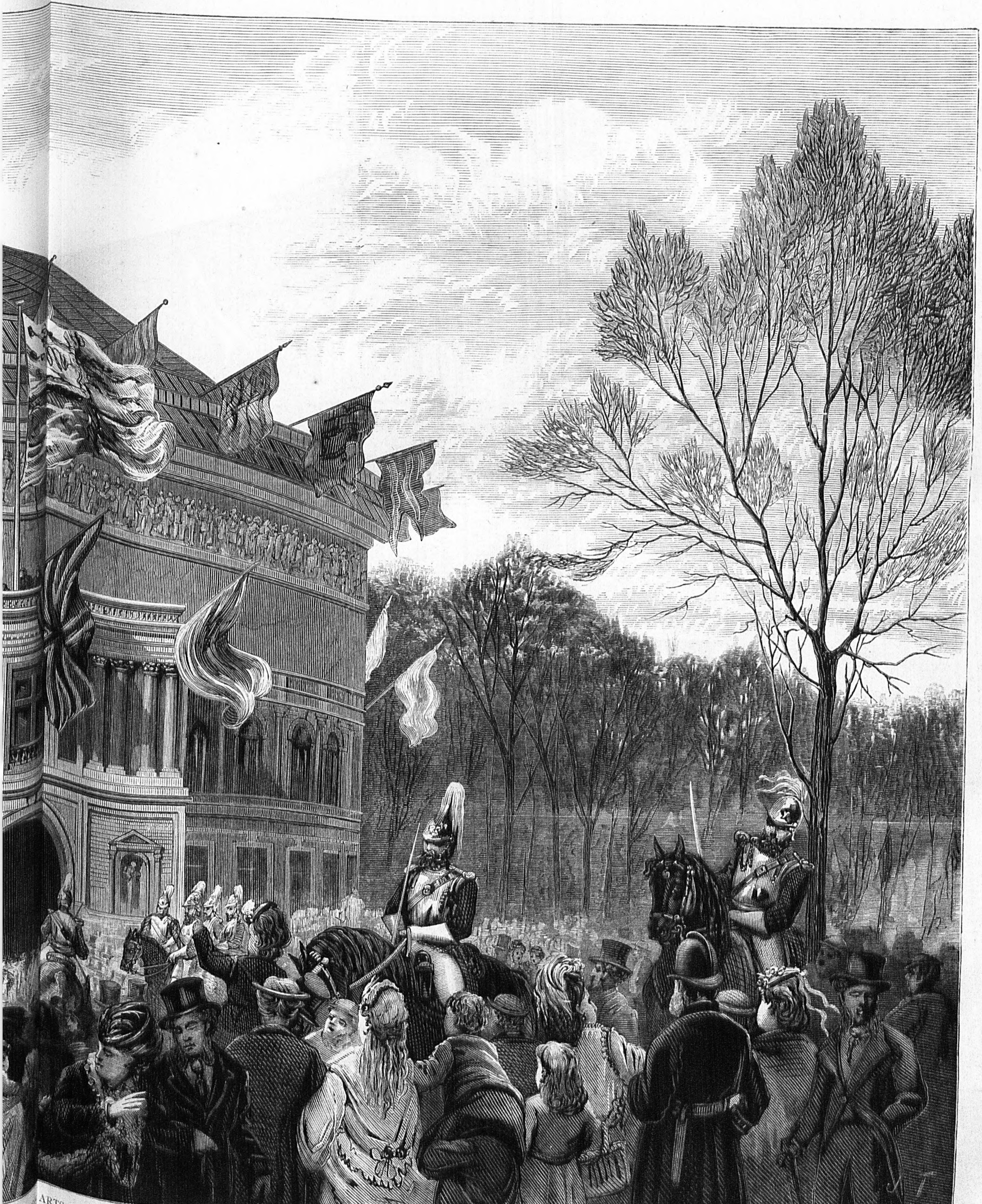
MEMORIAL TO THE LATE LORD DERBY.—On Saturday afternoon there was a meeting of gentlemen in Preston with reference to promoting a suitable memorial to the late Lord Derby. There is already a considerable nucleus fund in hand, the money having been raised in penny subscriptions from working men, &c., through a central committee in Preston, prior to the decease of the late Lord Derby. At the meeting on Saturday afternoon Mr. Alderman Rawcliffe, of Preston, occupied the chair, and there were representatives present from different towns in Lancashire. Various suggestions were made as to what form the memorial should assume and where it should be placed, and eventually it was decided that it should be raised in Avenham Park, Preston, but the character of it was not specified, and that an effort to obtain further subscriptions should be made.



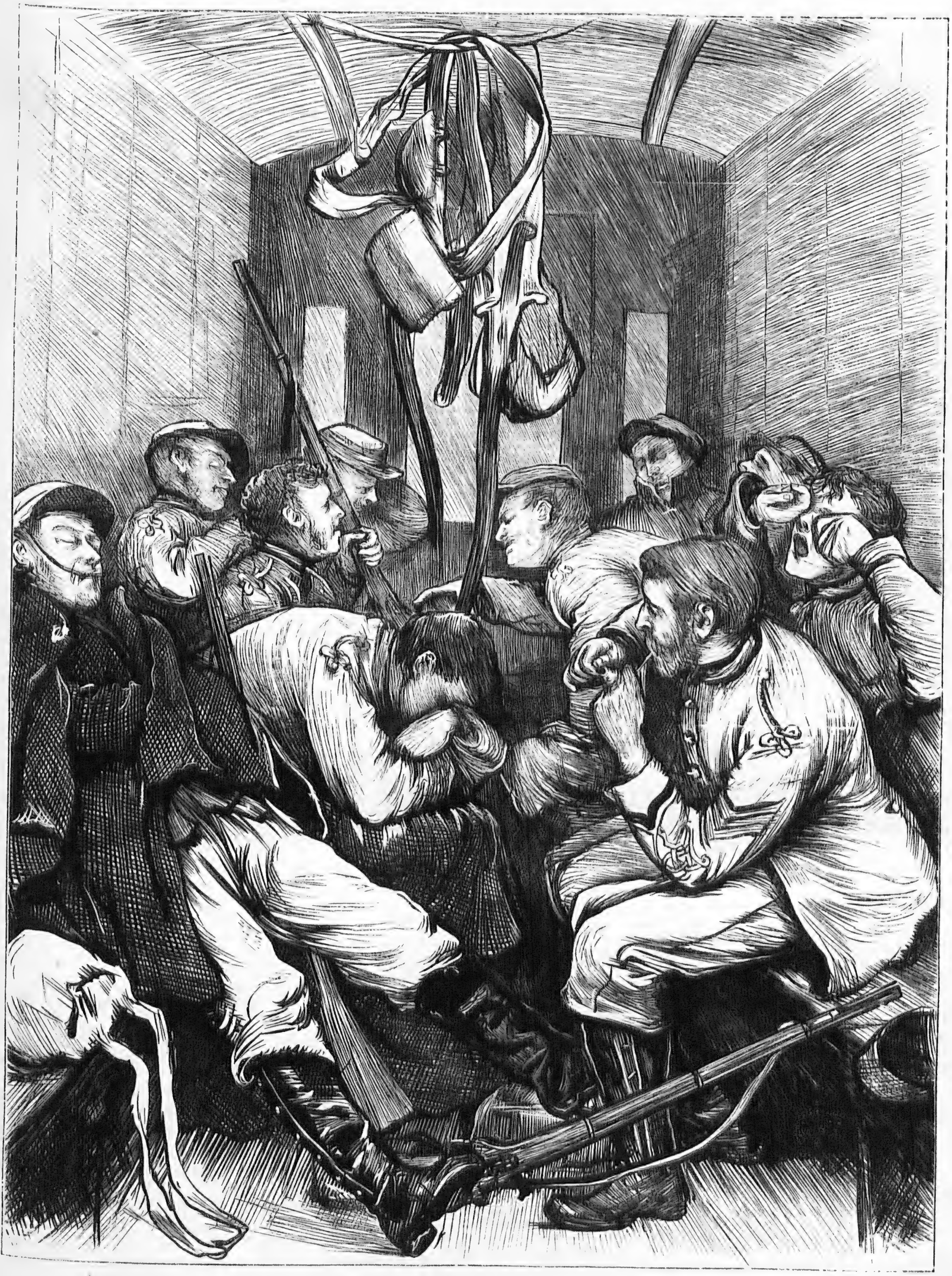
BRIGHTON REVIEW: VOLUNTEERS MUSTERING IN THE PAVILION GARDENS.



THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL OF ARTS A



HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.



BRIGHTON REVIEW: VOLUNTEERS RETURNING HOME.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Royal Albert Hall.—The Royal Albert Hall has been nearly four years in construction, the Queen having laid the foundation stone on May 20th, 1867. The design of this huge elliptical building is by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, R.E., assisted by Mr. G. Townroe, artist. Its general form resembles that of the Colosseum at Rome, with the addition of an iron and glass roof. The building has three concentric circuits of walls, one inside another. There is a passage twenty feet wide round the whole building between the outer and middle walls, whilst there is another continuous passage round nine feet wide between the middle and interior walls. The roof is a huge skylight, the framework resembling the ribs of a tremendous opened umbrella. The size of the building is about one-fourth that of the Roman amphitheatre. The long diameter of the outer wall is 272 ft., the short 238 ft., the length between the porches 338 ft., the length of the ellipse 332 ft., and the height 135 ft. to the spring of the roof, but to the top of the lantern surmounting the roof it is about 150 ft.; the span of the roof is 219 ft. 4 in. by 185 ft. 4 in. The basement arena is 15 ft. below the level of the Kensington roadway, and is laid with nearly 2,000 tons of concrete. The whole structure, it is calculated, has taken more than 6,000,000 bricks. It is a huge building, and its purposes are huge also. You may take a ticket, as you would the lease of a house, for a term of 999 years. The building consists of several tiers. At the basement there is the organ chamber and apparatus below; then the ground floor, which is level with the arena, serves as an entrance to the amphitheatre seats; above these is the first tier of boxes, forty-four in number; then comes the second or upper tier of boxes, eighty-eight in number; above these is the balcony; and above the balcony, what is intended to be a picture gallery, 20 ft. wide and 800 ft. in circuit, with arches open to the interior of the building. From the top of this gallery rises the roof. There are twenty-two distinct staircases for the 8,000 persons who can be seated. Access to the building is gained by three entrances; and, as illustrative of the size of the undertaking, it may be mentioned that the upper portion of the northern portion contains a concert room. There is a connection with the Horticultural Gardens conservatory on the southern side, and thence with the 1871 Exhibition building. The material of the wall is red Fareham brick, with facings and decorations of yellowish-white terra-cotta from Staffordshire. The aim has been to employ the material rather as brick than as an imitation of stone. A very conspicuous object in the interior of the building is the tremendous organ, an illustration of which we have already given. We this week present our readers with an exterior view of the hall, and also representing the Queen arriving to conduct the opening ceremony.

Outpost Duty in the Prussian War.—On page 80 we give an engraving of a Prussian outpost before Paris. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, are all used for outpost duties: cavalry for the most advanced accessible places, especially on roads and where the country is flat with few obstacles, and in the daytime; infantry for rear positions, for broken ground, and for night work; artillery when only special points are to be defended for awhile, such as defiles, &c., and to protect water communications. The outposts are in most cases to be furnished by the advanced and rear guards. Two main objects are to be sought by means of outposts:—First, the army is to be kept from surprise; secondly, information is to be acquired regarding the movements and positions of the enemy. The first is obtained by occupying a chain of posts near the opposing army, and defending them if necessary long enough to ensure to the main body time to prepare for the onset. As a general rule the positions held by outposts are not expected to resist permanently an attack in force. Another general rule is that the smaller bodies are to expect to be sacrificed and even to sacrifice themselves for the safety of the larger. The same system has been in operation for years, and the secret of success is plain: individual intelligence—individual responsibility. Each officer and man, too, from the highest to the lowest, has his place and his duties, and is trusted to perform them with ability. And one more truth. Every door to advancement in the Prussian service is to be unlocked by intelligence alone.

Chinamen in America.—Official statements show that there are about one hundred thousand Chinamen in America. It is the testimony of those who have had opportunity for observation that they are more sober, industrious, and faithful than like classes from European countries. Their general intelligence, also, cannot be questioned. Of the Chinese in North Adams all can read and write their own language. On the Pacific Railroad every Chinese labourer, so far as known, is also able to read and write. Of the Chinese in San Francisco, by the recent census, it appears that all can read and write their own language, while there are 7,658 foreigners who can neither read nor write. Of these 6,882 are from Ireland; 248 from Italy; 283 from Mexico; 40, coloured, from the Southern States; 29 from England. Of native Americans nine are returned as unable to read and write. From the last census it appears that there are about twelve thousand Chinese in San Francisco alone.

The Queen's Visit to the Emperor Napoleon.—The Queen, accompanied by Prince Leopold, and attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marchioness of Ely, and Colonel Lord A. C. L. Fitzroy, Equerry in Waiting, paid a visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Chiselhurst on the 3rd inst. We give an illustration of the reception in this number. With the proverbial punctuality of the Royal movements Her Majesty reached Chiselhurst almost on the strike of four o'clock, and was driven in an open carriage drawn by four greys, and preceded and followed by outriders, up the winding hill leading to Camden House, being saluted the whole way by shouts of acclamation and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. When the park gates were swung back for the passage of Her Majesty the scene presented was a lively and cheerful one. There were four or five thousand people gathered in front of the gates, and the common around was crowded with carriages of all descriptions. The Queen's carriage having drawn up in front of Camden House, Her Majesty, followed by the other occupants, alighted, and was received by the Emperor. Her Majesty spent about forty minutes in the house, and was then reconducted to her carriage by the Emperor, and drove away to the station, amidst a repetition of the shouts of welcome which greeted her first appearance.

The Brighton Volunteer Review.—The eleventh Easter Monday review has been this year as successful as any of its predecessors. These annual gatherings are very pleasing, healthy, and important, affording to the volunteers a general holiday and vigorous exercise in mimic warfare, which is also the means of testing by comparison the effect of the training for the previous year. Brighton was as gay and as bright as ever; all bustle and merriment, and full of flags and strange faces. Very early in the morning trains were leaving London crowded with volunteers, and twenty-five trains arrived at Brighton before ten o'clock in the morning. The first train leaving London Bridge a little before five was at Brighton about 8.45, which may be taken as a fair average of the running. 18,000 men were conveyed from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington. While these were arriving at "London by the Sea" on one side of the Montpelier-road goods station, the country men were arriving by the Portsmouth branch on the other side. About half-past ten the various divisions began to move off to the review ground, which had already been taken possession of by the army of itinerants you may always meet at Epsom on the Derby-day, at Wimbledon, and at the Boat-race. The houses along the entire route were prettily decorated, and the windows were thronged with ladies, who exchanged hearty greetings with the troops. The march past—before Lieut.-General Sir J. Hope Grant, G.C.B., and Major-General Sir Charles Staveley, K.C.B., His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, and a brilliant staff of officers—commenced at twelve o'clock, and was uniformly good, there being a marked improvement compared with last year. After passing the saluting flag, the different brigades proceeded to the various positions assigned them previous to going into action. At three o'clock the attacking forces advanced in echelon of brigades from the right, and at once commenced the attack, but were repulsed amidst the shouts and cheers of the defenders. Finding themselves thus repulsed they returned, in good order, through the second line, which speedily advanced to the attack. A most determined fight then ensued, which, like the previous engagement, resulted in the success of the defenders, who triumphantly drove back the invaders. The aggressors gradually but steadily retired towards Brighton, attempting now and then to take up a defensive position and make a stand. The battle continued for a long time, and was highly effective and interesting. After a hot and brilliant contest the invaders were utterly defeated. We present our readers with two illustrations in connection with the review, both of which are mentioned in our leading article on page 78.

Fort Rosny.—Our engraving on page 81 is from a sketch taken inside Fort Rosny, when the Prussians took possession soon after the capitulation. We have already given an illustration and account of this fort in a previous number. It will be remembered that the correspondent of the *Times*, with much danger and difficulty, obtained admittance to Fort Rosny, and supplied his readers with a long and interesting narrative of his adventures in getting in and out again.

The Youth of England.—*Figaro* says the youth of England is getting on capitally, particularly in the north. "We read that in Manchester, the other day, a boy in his teens got intoxicated, and when his father ventured to interfere with his disorderly proceedings, knocked that venerable gentleman down, and proceeded to vindicate his personal rights by pummelling the meddler therewith until he was rescued by the citizens. Another youth in the same progressive city was playing billiards, when his father had the impudence to intrude upon his recreations, and urge him to go home. He proceeded to put a stop to these parental solicitations by knocking down the author of his being with a chair. The old proverb, which tells us that 'boys will be boys,' is daily being disproved; it is the girls who 'will be boys' nowadays. The boys themselves look much higher."

A Marvel of Telegraphy.—On Saturday experiments were made on the Indo-European line *viâ* Teheran, to work direct without any retransmission between England and India. This hitherto unprecedented result was actually attained. Communication was first established direct between London and Kurrachee. The director at Kurrachee sent the following message to London:—"Kurrachee, 5.36 p.m., 8th.—This message is the first really sent from India to England instantaneously. By Indo-European line we work now easily and quickly direct with London.—Walton." And a commercial message was forwarded from London direct to Kurrachee from Calcutta immediately afterwards. Kurrachee then put the line direct through to Bombay; Bombay and London then interchanged signals perfectly, and a commercial message was sent to Bombay direct from London at 1.58 p.m., and was instantaneously acknowledged. This is the first occasion on which the telegraph has worked direct without any retransmission between England and India. The distance from London to Bombay by the Indo-European line is 6,000 miles.

In consequence of the prevalence of small pox, the *Broad Arrow* believes the training of the several metropolitan militia corps will be deferred till the autumn.

In consequence of the extent to which cattle plague prevails in France, the Minister of Agriculture has peremptorily forbidden the holding of fairs and cattle markets.

A lunar rainbow was seen a few days ago for nearly two hours in Somerset.

Fenianism in America.—A Fenian convention, says the American correspondent of the *Times*, was called in New York on the 22nd of March, at which John Savage, former "Head Centre," made a long and bitter address, sharply criticising the course of the ex-prisoners in forming their "Directory," and declaring that it would distract rather than unite the friends of Ireland in the United States. He also declared that the Fenian organisation was a representative body, whereas the position assumed by the ex-prisoners in forming a "Directory" of themselves was antagonistic to and at variance with the instincts and policy of American citizens. According to the constitution of the Fenian Brotherhood, the word "Fenian" cannot be given up. Their object, he said, in seeking to destroy the Fenian organisation in that country was to get control of the funds. The declaration not to yield the name of Fenian was enthusiastically cheered. This opens another quarrel; but it may be remarked that the chief Irish sympathy at present is with the ex-prisoners, possibly for the reason that the old breed of Fenians has repeatedly failed, while the failure of the new is yet in the future. The convention above referred to, in the usual Fenian manner, appointed a special committee to investigate the disposition of the funds. John Warren, a Fenian who was at one time imprisoned in England, and who does not happen to belong to the ex-prisoners who form the Directory, but who is at the same time anxious to achieve a little fame for himself, has been to Washington to see the President. He is an American citizen who has been damaged by the British Government, and his claim for damages he desires to bring before the Joint High Commission, in the moderate sum of 500,000 dollars. He says he claims this, not for any personal advantage—he scouts that—but for "the honour and majesty of the United States." The President listened to his long tale of woe; but the interview closed without the Fenian securing much official encouragement.

The Restoration of Gloucester Cathedral.—We learn from the *Times* that special effort is being made to have the choir completed in time for the Triennial Musical Festival to be held in September next. Much of the basement has been prepared for the new tile flooring, and Mr. Godwin is now making the tiles. The pattern selected is that of some of the ancient tiles found in the cathedral. The decorations of the vaulting were completed some time ago by Messrs. Clayton and Bell; the canopies and the stalls are being restored by Farmer and Brindly, of London; and the fine clerestory windows on the north side have been filled with beautiful stained glass, while the west window has been chiefly restored with fragments of ancient glass found in the chapels of the crypt and elsewhere, and which have been artistically united. Two other works of great interest have been finished—the restoration and decoration of the Chapel of St. Philip, as a memorial to Sir C. W. Codrington, for many years member for the eastern division of the county; and the restoration, at the cost of the Earl of Ellenborough, of the chapel in the north transept. The work in the first is Norman in character, and is founded on fragments in Ely and Durham Cathedrals; and the chief decoration consists of three medallions. In the panels beneath the reredos in Lord Ellenborough's chapel are three brasses bearing these inscriptions:—"A.D. 1870. The Very Rev. Dr. Henry Law, being Dean of this Cathedral, the restoration of this Chapel of St. Paul was completed by Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough, late Governor-General of India." "In memory of Catherine Octavia, daughter of Robert Stewart, first Marquis of Londonderry, wife of Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough." "In memory of Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, and of his sons, John, Bishop of Elphin; Edward, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of England; and George Henry, Bishop of Bath and Wells." In one of the panels this inscription is added:—"Heu quantum minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!" It is understood that the great window of the north transept will be filled with painted glass, at the cost of Sir M. Hicks-Beach, M.P., as a memorial to the late Lady Beach, and that the subject will probably be the life of St. Paul, as that of the great window in the south transept is the life of St. Peter.

Mimic War.—The *Army and Navy Gazette* says:—"In August it is expected a force of 30,000 men, comprising Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, will march from Aldershott to some place in Berkshire, where pitched battles will be fought daily, and decided by an umpire, after the Prussian system. This will test the capabilities of the Control Department, and even now we hear they are commencing to 'pack up.'"

On the Mississippi Central Railroad they have a steam shovel which takes from the solid bank of earth and loads a train.

Maravilla Cocoa for Breakfast.—The *Globe* says—Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, delicate aroma, and all the concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage.—Sold in packets only, by all grocers. Sole proprietors, Taylor Brothers, London. [272

Holloway's Pills.—In the complaints peculiar to females these Pills are unrivalled. Their use by the fair sex has become so universal for the removal of their ailments that few toilets are without them. Amongst all classes, from the domestic servant to the peeress, distinguished favour is accorded to these renovating Pills; their invigorating and purifying properties render them safe and invaluable in all cases; they may be taken by females of all ages for any disorganisation or irregularity of the system, speedily removing the cause, and restoring the sufferer to robust health. As a family medicine they are invaluable for subduing the maladies of young and old. [42

Important.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. Twenty-five per cent. saved in value. [24

Floriline!!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the Fragrant Floriline on a wet tooth brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed Teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest Toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers.—H. C. Gallup, Proprietor, 493, Oxford-street, London. [156

WALKS AND NOTES OF AN ENGLISH DOG IN AMERICA.

WHAT can I say to the dogs of England about the ocean? Not one in a hundred of us has ever seen it; not one in a thousand has ever sailed upon it in a ship. All that we know of it comes from what some of us have heard our masters say about it when telling the story of their travels, without thinking that we were listening to them with both ears open. And here I cannot help putting in a word for our race. Everybody in England has been talking about *education* for the past year. Sometimes people seem almost angry, they get so earnest about the matter. Some want this kind of school, and others a different kind. But all seem to agree that all the children in the country must be sent to some kind of school or another, and be taught how to read and write, and make figures on a slate or sheet of paper. But never a word do you hear about the education of dogs, even of the best families: England leaves them to grow up without even learning "the three R's," as they call them. There is no talk among these boasting reformers about opening up day schools or evening schools for dogs. There are no A B C books printed for them, with pretty pictures, and what they call object lessons, to teach what they are to know and do when they grow up to doghood. If it were not for what we overhear our masters or their visitors say, we should never know that there was any other country in the world except the one we live in. They call me a Pomeranian, a long word that I cannot speak without stopping twice to take breath. Now what is Pomerania, or where? It may be a grove in the next town for all that I know. It sometimes seems to me, when I think of these things, as if men-people wanted to keep their dogs ignorant of all other countries, and of their own, too, except a little bit to run in, like our quiet little cow in her paddock. But there is one thing we must put to their credit. If any of them have travelled about and seen other countries, they love dearly to tell of it. Let a visitor come in of an evening, and they will talk for a whole hour about what they have seen and heard in such countries; and you may learn a good deal about them while you are lying on the rug by the fire, pretending to be asleep.

Still, I already begin to feel that dogs must travel as well as go to school, if they wish to know much of the world. I don't think any parish schoolmaster could have ever given me any clear idea of the sea, or of the ships I saw at Liverpool. No; you must sail out upon the ocean to know what it is when it is kind and quiet, and when it is angry at the wind. I wish I could tell you what I saw and felt for the first few days on our great ship, which I wrote about in my last letter. It was a time I shall remember as long as I live. I have already told you how the trees, houses, sheep, and cows along the railway to Liverpool all seemed to be going to Birmingham as fast as I could trot. Well, you may think how I felt when we had been a few hours at sea, to see dear old England itself moving past us in the same way and nearly as fast. I almost wept at the sight. It was like a mother walking away from her children's home without saying good bye. Our big ship had spread all its great wings, and its huge iron tail was turning round and round in the water, leaving a broad road of milk bubbles behind it. But what made England that had seemed to be held firm by a hundred mountains cast into the sea for anchors—what made her sail away from us so fast? To be sure, she had all the green wings or sails of her millions of trees set, but did they bear her away at such speed? I watched and watched hour by hour until I saw her no larger than a meadow lark, with one wing in the sky and the other in the water, just where the two came together so close that you could not tell which was the one and which was the other. What a moment when the green speck dropped into the blue and I could see it no longer! I do not know what menkind feel at such moments, but I think I may say truly that no dog ever saw the last of his native land with a larger heartful of sad thoughts than I did. No; I am sure no Englishman or American ever said more honestly than I did at such a parting, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Well, we were now out all alone on the great blue ocean. It was so blue and still that it sometimes seemed as if we were the people of a whole town—men, women, and children—all sitting on the back of a monstrous eagle that was flying away with us high up in the sky; for the sky now and then flattened down and seemed level with the sea. Then the sun did some wonderful things very often. I fear I cannot give you any idea of them. Now, when we went aboard the ship at Liverpool, we walked to it over a plank that reached from the shore to the deck. Well, every afternoon for many days when the sun was going down, it seemed to throw down upon the sea a long broad plank of sparkling gold for our ship to walk right up on its great round disc, which was all in a blaze of glory. Our ship seemed glad at the invitation; it went on fluttering its wings and making a low curtsey every five minutes; it walked the golden plank as straight as an arrow, and quickened its steps, and stretched out its long arms, just as we did ours when we went on board at Liverpool. The first day I thought, at the speed we were going, we should reach the sun in a few hours. It seemed but a little way off—not so far as some people live from the church they go to every Sunday. But I found, in the course of a day or two, that it was going to America as fast as we were, and that we did not gain upon it at all. I never thought so much about the sun and its doings before; for I watched it out on the sea more than I ever did on land, where there are always so many other things to attend to. When it first laid down that golden pathway, late in the afternoon, it did not look much larger than when sailing right over head; but as it settled down slowly towards the water, like a great bird that comes down out of the sky and alights upon a tree, it grew larger and larger every minute; and the larger it grew the redder it became, so that you could look steadily right into it without winking. I shall never forget the first time I saw it settle upon the sea—it just stood as lightly upon the water as a bee upon a flower, and looked straight at us as kindly as a mother looks at her child when she lays it down to sleep in its cot at night; but it was not us but itself that it was putting to bed first. As it looked at us with its great round face smiling kindly at our day's work, it began to sink beneath the blue coverlet of the ocean, which it turned to purple, as if to show us where it made its bed for the night. Soon its bed-clothes all became blue again—the golden path, so full of dancing pebbles of light, melted away; but as our great ship walked straight on without stopping or drowsing by the way, it must have gone right over the place where the sun went to bed in a few hours' time; for when it arose next morning it was many miles to the east of us.

I suppose men-people, who are so proud of their education, which costs so much, will think these ideas of the sun at sea very childish, but I am not writing these letters for them, but for the dogs of my native land. Besides, if I am a child in thoughts and knowledge, it is not my fault, but the fault of the common school system in England. My master tells me to let my thoughts run on just as they will, without fear of critics, who have only half the legs to stand on that I have; and as I am to write for readers that have four feet to walk and pick up ideas on, I intend to keep them in mind, and describe things in my own way—let the two-legged critics say what they please. It is not every dog, even in these days of *progress*, as they call it, that ever gets on the sea, and when he does, let no such critics laugh at him for looking at the sun, moon, stars, and water with his own eyes.

Well, of course I was struck with much wonder at the sun's movements the first day or two at sea, or before I got used to them. It was quite clear and certain that it was going all the way to America as well as we, and quite as fast. But why did it go all the way in our own road, when it could have found a hundred different ones to go in? I have already said that we had nearly a thousand men, women, and children on the fore part of the ship all going to America. They seemed to be poor people, in dirty, shabby clothes, some of them speaking such a language as I never heard before, though my parents did come from Pomerania. Was the sun thinking of these poor people that I pitied so much, when it laid down that golden pathway toward America every evening before it went to bed for the night? Was it because that their labour would bring more gold, and gold would buy more bread, and build better homes in America than in the lands they had left? Perhaps that was the meaning of the golden pathway. I began to put this and that together in my thoughts as I had never done before, when the moon rose up out of the water in the east, looking large enough at first to lift up a whole day for the world. But its light, after all it could do, was cold and thin, as if it had no first rate oil of its own, and could borrow but a little at a time of any better kind. I have overheard people say that it borrowed all it uses from the sun; if so, I wonder the sun is not willing to lend it a little more, especially on some nights when it comes out with its lamp not half full. But on this first night on the sea it came up in all its glory, with a face as round and large as the sun's, and a face, too, that was more human, gentle, and kind—a face that was so much nearer us that you could see the very eyebrows, and the smile around the mouth. It looked at you and you at it as pleasantly as two friendly neighbours would look at each other. I never thought so much about it before; for now it was all I had to look at except the ship and the sea.

Well, the moon had got up but a little way in the east when it tried to do what the sun did, I suppose to pay for the oil it had borrowed. It just laid down a broad silver plank or pathway on the sea towards England instead of America. Both these things filled me with wonder, and set me a-thinking. Was the sun so much richer than the moon that it had all the gold? Perhaps that is it. But the moon need not feel poor because it has only silver to spread over the sleeping countries. The night looks as well dressed in silver as the day does dressed in gold. Besides, gold would not show much in the dark; if it would, I don't think folks would like to have the day and night going round the world in the same travelling dress. But why did the moon lay down its silver pathway towards England instead of America? I had to think about that a little. Was England sorry to have us go away, and had she whispered to the moon to lay down a silver road on the sea and invite us to come back on it to her green and pleasant land? With these thoughts in my mind, for a moment I wished the captain would turn the ship round and go back again on that shining track. But in a few days I got used to these two roads, and found after all they were only the two ends of the same pathway. Indeed, before we ended our journey, the moon came out at night on the other side of us and laid down its road towards America, so that both gold and silver led us that way.

When I had watched the sun and moon pretty steadily for a few days, and had made up my mind about their doings at sea, I began to look more closely at the people on the forepart of the ship. I had heard my master tell about what they called the *negro pew* in America, where black people were made slaves of, and were not treated so well as dogs. But so far as I could understand it, there was only one negro pew in a large church that would hold a thousand persons. But I found that fully two-thirds of our great ship were all a negro pew for poorer sort of people who had not money to pay for bed and board in the genteel part of the vessel, where the ladies and gentlemen, as they were called, ate and slept. There was a great strong bar put across from one side to the other to keep the white negroes away from the gentleman part, so that when my master came out from it to see me it sometimes knocked his hat off when he did not stoop enough to go under it. I had never seen any black men, and did not know how they were treated in America in their worst days, I am told that they were generally quite jolly, and played the fiddle, and danced in their little cabins when their day's work was done. Well, the people in the "steerage," as they called the ship's negro pew, did the same on pleasant days; and no one could have been more pleasant than myself to see them so jolly, considering what they ate, and how they slept down in that great dark hole. I used to look down upon them at night when they were abed, and it was such a sight! To say they lay as thick as three in a bed would not say half the truth; for that wouldn't mean that there was more than one bed in a room. But here were boxes three deep and a dozen wide running on both sides the passway for four hundred feet and more. Each box was so narrow that a good-sized Newfoundland dog could not lie in it unless he tucked his legs under him. The shipowners do not furnish any stable straw for the boxes, as they would for dogs; but every man and woman must bring each a bed, or something to lie on, which is generally a coarse cotton bag filled with hay, and a blanket or an old cloak or coat for a coverlet. To see a thousand men, women, and children all boxed up in this way at night, as if in so many coffins without lids, is a strange sight. But the sight isn't the worst of it, if you put your nose too near the hole of the great dark burrow. But I will not speak of that, for it is not fit for the polite ears of well-bred English dogs for whom I write.

I soon found that the board of the steerage people was just about as good as their bed. You must not think, however, that I had to put up with either. I have already told you how deeply mortified I was that they would not let me eat and sleep in the gentlemen's cabin where my master and mistress were. But the butcher made me very comfortable in his little room, and spread a better bed and table for me than the poor people down in the great burrow had. As the shipowners do not give them straw for their wooden bins or boxes to lie on at night, they are just as stingy about things to eat and drink with. They do not even furnish a tin porringer or a pewter spoon for the youngest child. The poor folks have to bring their own dishes, knives, forks, and spoons, and wash them as they can when dirty. They are fed three times a day, and it is a sight you never saw the like of to see how and what they eat. I never tasted any of it, even to know what men and women who have not committed any crime have to put up with. But I noticed that most of them ate as if they were hungry, and were used to not much better food at home. Some did not eat at the troughs—I mean tables, for the long rough boards had no side pieces to them. I was glad to see so many had heard beforehand what kind of food the steerage people had to live on, and had brought something better from home, which they ate on deck. One man with his wife and children had brought a whole ham and plenty of eggs, and it did me good to see them sit round their dinner. Indeed, I sometimes felt inclined to share their meal to do it a little honour.

But in spite of bed and board, they were nearly all very jolly, and when the weather was fine they would make a ring on deck, and a dozen of them would dance by the hour. It was an odd sight to see men and women who could not speak each other's language whirling about in that way together. I noticed that the men in blue frocks, with sharp black eyes, black hair, and yellowish faces, chose women with blue eyes, whitish hair, and rosy faces; and after a while I learned that the first were French and the others Germans; and that, while they were dancing here on the sea with their arms round each other's waists, their countries were fighting with each other at home. I wonder if they had anything more to fight about than the French men and German women had who danced day after day on our ship. Men-people boast of being masters of the world, but the more I see and hear the more I believe it would be better if they would take into their councils a few honest and intelligent dogs. Even lions and wolves only kill what they eat; and men might learn a lesson from them.

I intended to tell you about our landing in America in my last letter, but I have not done it in this. Indeed, I did not know that there was so much to see, hear, and think of at sea for a dog on his first voyage. But I hope to talk about land in my next.

'QUIMEAUX.

"A MUTE, inglorious Milton," in a Michigan gaol has written a poem entitled, "An Idle in fore cantoes."

CURE FOR SNORING.—An ingenious wife is curing her husband of snoring thus: She has a gutta-percha tube with two cup-shaped ends; one she puts over his nose and mouth, and the other over his ear. He consumes his own noise, as a stove does its smoke, and wakes up instanter.

MAN WAS DECEIVED EVER.—A Halifax gentleman was sadly deluded at a fair the other day. He offered a young lady ten dollars for a curl from her head. His surprise may be imagined when the young lady promptly cut it off and gave it to him with a smile. His further indignation may be imagined when he learned that the entire covering cost only three dollars. Thus is trusting man ever deceived by appearances.

A CERTAIN Massachusetts farmer, noted for his rather noisy disputes in favour of strict temperance, was much disturbed not long since by some marked indications of illness in one of his best milkers, of a rare imported breed. Fancying that the creature was stricken with cattle disease, he sent in haste for the village farrier, whom, as it chanced, he had often lectured for his tippling propensities. Dick came, examined the animal, looked grave, and asked:—"Have you any whisky or brandy handy?" "No," said the farmer. "Pat, run to the druggist as soon as possible, and tell him I want a quart of brandy for medical purposes." When the liquor arrived, Dick took the bottle, uncorked it, smelled of it, and, taking a good drink, put the bottle in his pocket, saying, "Your cow will be all right presently; I have pulled a thorn out of her foot," and walked off.

"Every mother and housekeeper must often act as family physicians in the numerous illnesses and accidents that occur among children and servants. For many of these cases I have used Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."—*New York Examiner.* [695

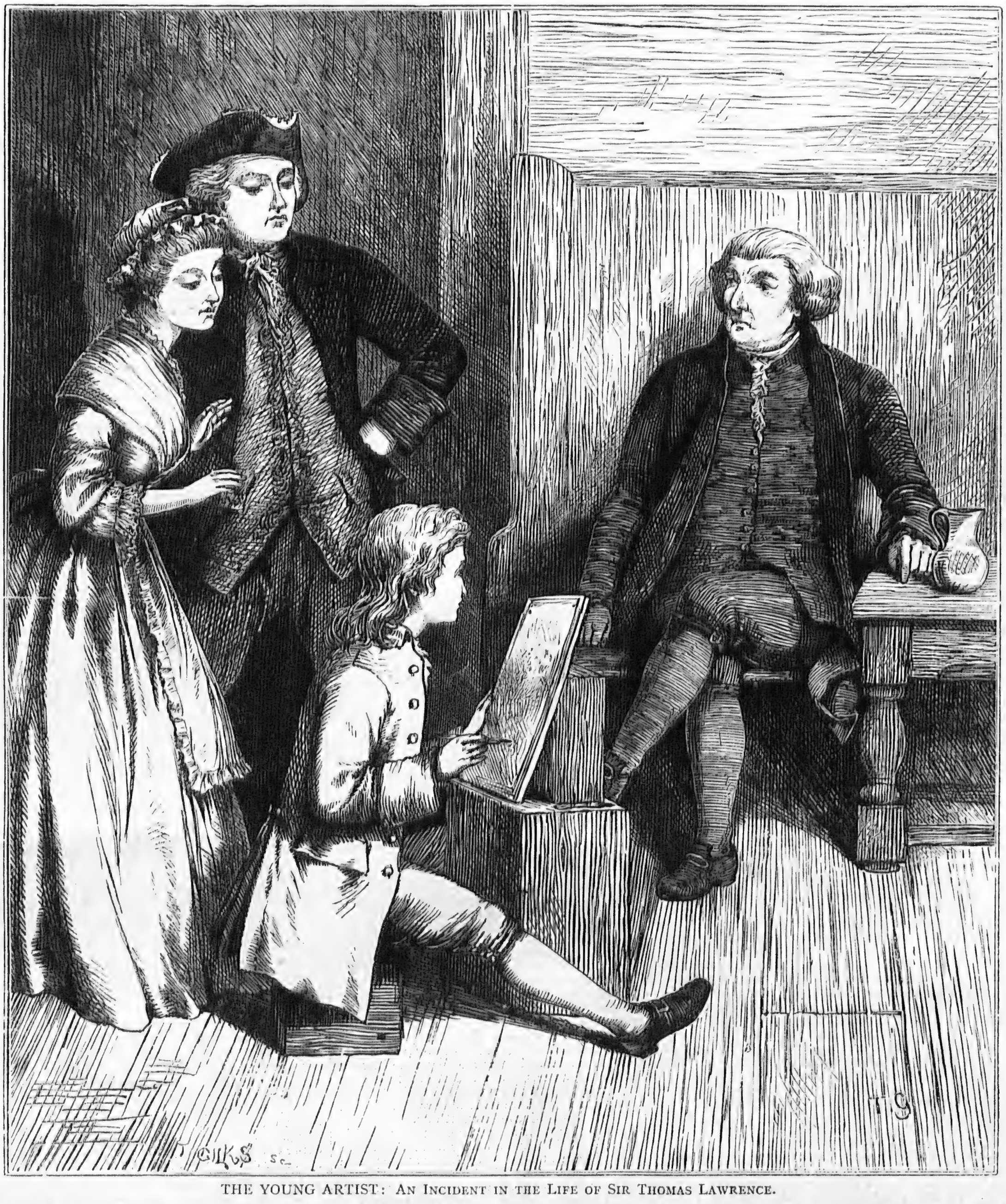
THE YOUNG ARTIST.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was the son of an innkeeper at Bristol. It was at Devizes, however, where the youth gave evidence of great genius. His father was the landlord of the Black Bear Inn, and here little Tom Lawrence recited Shakespeare to the customers, and drew their portraits. When little more than five or six years old he used to draw really characteristic sketches of the men who frequented the taproom. The picture on this page is a memento of that period of the great artist's early life. He is engaged upon a sitter who is evidently one of the leading townsmen of Devizes; for in those days it was customary for the principal men in a country town to visit the chief inn regularly, and more particularly on special nights set apart for smoke-room gossip. When very young the boy is said to have taken a secret oath to become a painter, so strong were the promptings of his genius. When he was only ten years of age he set up a studio at Oxford, where he took crayon portraits for one and two guineas each. The fame of the boy-artist soon spread, and he had peers and bishops for his sitters. Not only were the likenesses very faithful, but rapidly executed, for in about ten minutes they were sketched on the paper; and in after life, when he had abandoned crayons for oil colours, he always adopted the plan of making a chalk drawing of a sitter first, remembering with pardonable pride the productions of his boyhood.

After an infatuation for the stage, which was cured by an appearance and a failure, he returned with renewed ardour to that pursuit in which his genius lay. He went to Bath, where he met with great success, but in 1787, when he was eighteen years of age, he went up to London, determined to try his fortune with the best of modern painters. He entered himself as a student at the Royal Academy, although his practice far exceeded that of many of the Academicians themselves, and it was at this time that, struck with his wonderful talent, Sir Joshua Reynolds generously exclaimed, "This young man has begun at a point of excellence where I left off." His after-career was one continued success. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted an honorary member of the Royal Academy, such title having been expressly created for him, as by the statutes of the Academy none were eligible until they had attained their twenty-fourth year. Shortly after this he was created Serjeant-Painter to the King, on the death of Sir Joshua, and elected to the full honours of the Royal Academy in 1795. In 1815, the year of Waterloo, he received the honour of knighthood, and five years afterwards, in 1820, became President of the Royal Academy, succeeding Benjamin West in that position, thus attaining the highest artistic eminence.

In 1814 he received a commission to paint the portraits of the Allied Sovereigns who visited London, but their stay being very short, he was unable to execute it. He was more fortunate, however at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, whither he was sent for a like purpose, and made portraits of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia. In 1819, on the conclusion of his labours at Aix-la-Chapelle, he was able to accomplish one of the great objects of his ambition, namely, to visit Rome.

A generous and high-minded man, Sir Thomas was distinguished not only as an artist, but for those parts which are held in esteem amongst the upper ten. Sought after and petted by the highest nobility, he proved himself the equal of his fashionable friends both as a courtier and a gentleman.



THE YOUNG ARTIST: AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

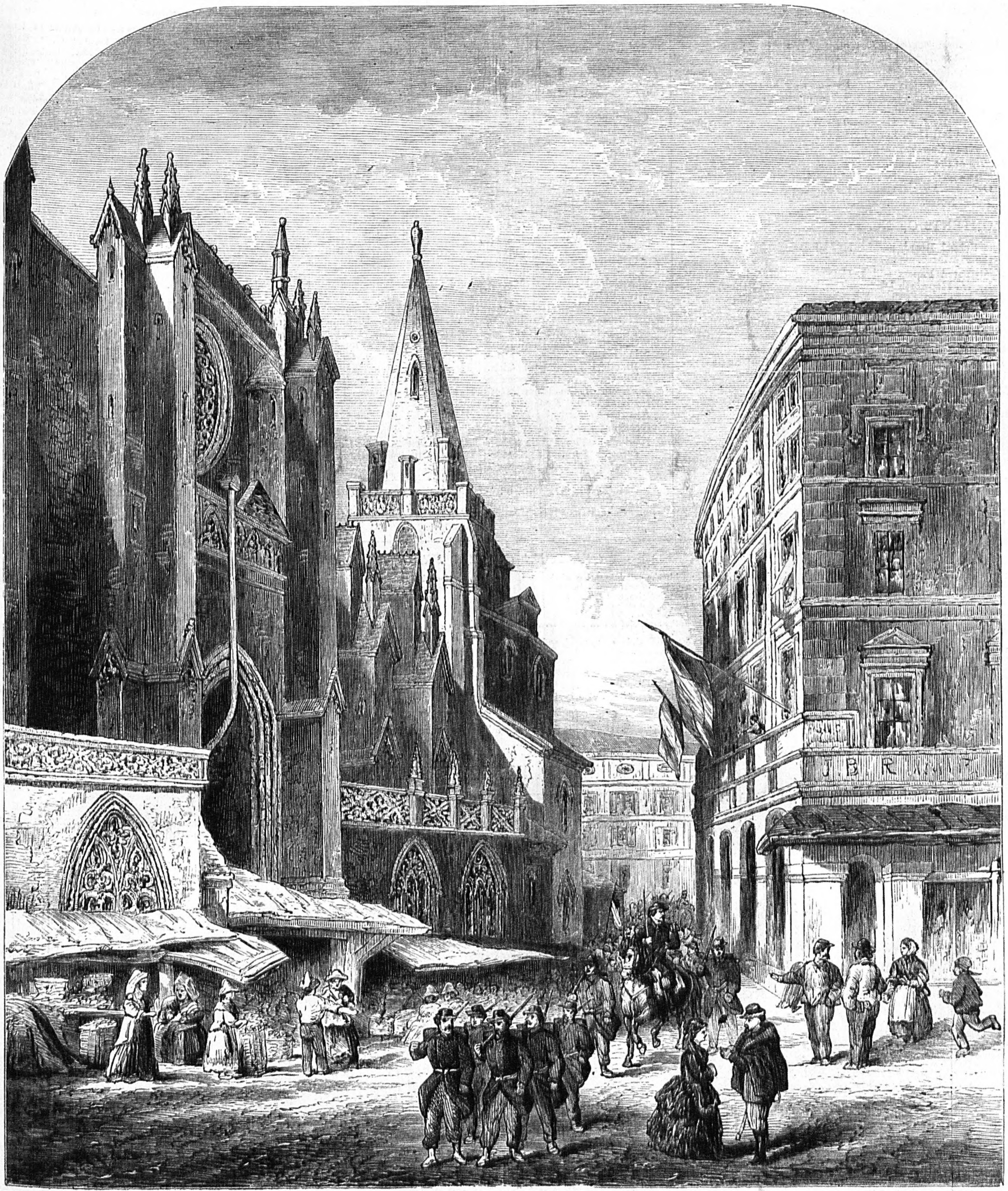
MY small joker says asphalte is referred to in the Bible when Balaam smote his ass, and the *ass felt*. He has been discharged. —*Hornet*.

INVISIBLE ANIMALS.—Life gushes out everywhere. There is no place where it has not been discovered except in fire; and even there, a few years ago, an ardent Mr. Cox, an Englishman, announced with boldness that he had discovered moving, living forms among red-hot coals. Subsequent explorations plainly demonstrated that his imagination was uncontrolled by judgment. But from the lowest depths of the sea, where darkness dwells perpetually, and where hydrostatic pressure and a paucity of oxygen convinced philosophers no form of life could exist, dredgings have brought up extraordinary evidences that organised beings are there in countless millions, in the full enjoyment of life and unrestrained liberty. Every animal, whether on land or aquatic, is bearing in its muscles, its liver, kidneys, heart, and perhaps brain, swarms of independent living parasites, many of them too minute to be recognised without a microscope—which are feasting on the parts they occupy. We shudder at the possibility of having introduced into our bodies the dreaded trichina—the spiral worm of pork notoriety. There are creatures quite as bad-looking, if we could see them, in the best of beef, and certainly numerous in every kind of edible fish, clams, oysters, and other table delicacies. In short, all food, whether vegetable or animal, is infinitely infested with parasites. So is the water we drink. Life is everywhere. Even the clear atmospheric air we breathe has floating in it eggs of microscopic animals and seeds of plants, which are inhaled with every breath. Fortunately the gastric fluids of our stomachs destroy the vitality of most of them, which otherwise would essentially affect our health. Still it is impossible to live and not be preyed upon by invisible parasites. In the preparation of food, therefore, thorough cooking is the safeguard. Baking and boiling destroy them. If allowed to remain too long after being subjected to that process, a new set of animals immediately takes possession, so that Nature never relaxes in her unceasing labour of developing life in everything and everywhere.

A STREET IN ORLEANS.

Our picture on this page represents French troops passing through a street in Orleans. The market women make a pause in their business to admire their defenders, and flags are hung from the windows to do them honour, whilst the soldiers themselves, who have not visited the town before, look upon the old place made famous by Joan of Arc, and are no doubt inspired with new courage by calling to mind her martial career and by thinking of what bravery may achieve even in a woman.

Orleans, which occupies a most important situation, being almost in the centre of France, is not conspicuous for trade and manufactures, and is deficient in tangible historical memorials, chiefly owing to the vile custom of pulling down for the sake of what is termed improvement. It is a mistake that a few men (not always the most select either as regards taste or sense) forming a Town Council should have the power of destroying the grand relics of past ages for the purpose of substituting glaring red bricks. The populace should be able to make some stand against this custom, if they are not as depraved as the Councilmen and have any interest in their birthplace or the history of their country. In Orleans during the past fifty years many a fine historical building has been levelled with the ground; the town gates and walls have been destroyed, several of the latter since 1830; and above all nearly every memorial of the heroine of Orleans, Joan of Arc, has been swept away. No doubt if the Town Council of Orleans sat in London they would think it a high stroke of policy to pull down the Tower and offer the ground for building land, or remove Temple Bar because it impeded traffic.



A STREET IN ORLEANS.

The Philosophy of Mythology.—Professor Max Müller in the lecture delivered by him at the Royal Institution on Mythology began by pointing out the absurd and repulsive character of ancient mythology, and asked what interest such idle tales could have in the eyes of scholars and philosophers. He then showed that not only ancient philosophers, but some of the most eminent thinkers of modern times, had devoted great attention to the subject, and that the philosophy of mythology formed an important part of Schelling's Positive Philosophy, published after the death of the author, in 1854. After reading some extracts from Greek philosophers, and explaining their views on the character of mythology, he drew attention to the fact that mythology was but one half of ancient religion, the other half being made up by ancient theosophy or philosophy. He then showed that all who had written on mythology, however much they might differ on other points, seemed to agree that mythology must not be taken in a literal sense, that it meant something different from what it seemed to mean; and he concluded, therefore, that the real problem was, why this should be so—why history should have been changed into fable, or fable into history, why moral teaching should have assumed an immoral guise, or why the forms and forces of nature should have been reflected by vivid imagination and subtle fancy, as gods and goddesses, as nymphs and shepherds. This problem, the lecturer maintained, could only be solved by the science of language, which had shown that mythology, in its widest sense, was due to the reaction of language on the mind; that it pervaded not only religion and tradition, but every department of thought, and that it was an inevitable phase in the growth of human intellect. Greek mythology must be treated as a portion of Aryan mythology, and all religious mythology as an integral part of that larger class of mental phenomena in which we see language casting its dark shadow over thought. This was illustrated by several examples. "Psyche" meant originally breath, as the symbol of life; and when it had afterwards been raised to be the name of the soul or the immortal part of man, something of its former meaning still clung to it, and thus the idea that the soul of man was air-like was kept up for a long time. The Zulus call the soul the shadow, and such is the influence of language that, even against the evidence of the senses, the Zulus believe that a dead body can cast no shadow, because the shadow—or, as we should say, the ghost—has departed from it. The lecturer then explained the process by which names were formed in the early period of the history of language, showing that all names expressed general ideas, that language was impossible without the power of forming general ideas, and that this power constituted the real frontier line between man and the brutes. The lecturer ended with a strong protest against the unscientific character of most of the objections that had been raised against the scientific method in the interpretation of ancient myths.

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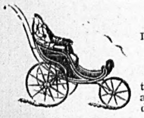

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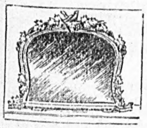

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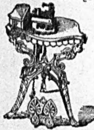

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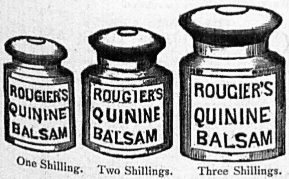

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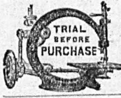

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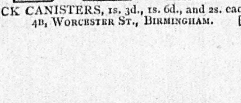

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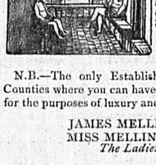

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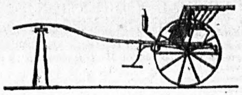

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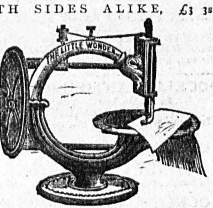

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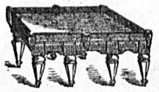

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